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The Shape of Things

THE TRIPARTITE PACT OF BERLIN CLEARLY threatens Russia more immediately than it does the United States, and this fact has now been underlined by the movement of German troops into Rumania, which is undoubtedly taking place despite the reluctance of the German authorities to put out an official announcement. According to some reports, the German forces are to protect the Rumanian oil wells; according to others, their mission is to train the Rumanian army. Actually their arrival in Rumania may endanger the wells, for Britain is very near a break with Bucharest over the arrest and ill-treatment of British citizens, and the arrival of German troops may prove the last straw. Their presence gives Britain every right to treat Rumania as hostile territory and to send over bombers to attack the oil fields. However, the major reason for the German action is to erect a barrier against any further Russian encroachment. And if reports that the Nazis are planning a submarine base on the Black Sea coast are confirmed, the threat to Russian interests will be undisguised. It seems almost certain that Moscow is not prepared to challenge Germany at this point, although a showdown might be forced if the Nazis moved directly against the Straits. On the other hand, the Kremlin is now likely to prove more friendly to overtures from London and Washington. The alliance between the Axis and Japan gives Britain, the United States, and Russia a mutual interest in helping China to continue its resistance, and on this limited basis cooperation may be possible.

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THE REOPENING OF THE BURMA ROAD IS the best news China has received for many months. It far transcends in importance the small loans recently obtained from the United States and our belated embargo on the shipment of scrap iron to Japan. To recompense China for the injury which it sustained while the international highway was closed, it is expected that Britain will supply it with oil and other badly needed war supplies on credit. Fortunately, Chiang Kai-shek had laid in considerable supplies prior to the closing of the road. These supplies might have carried China through the winter, but the necessity for husbanding all types of imported war materials prevented any large-scale offensive action against the invader just at the period when the newly developed Chinese armies seemed to be gaining the upper hand. The reopening of the road makes Chinese defense of Indo-China both more possible and more necessary. For if the Japanese troops that are working their way northward through the French colony succeed in gaining a foothold in Yunnan, they will be in a position to attack the Burma road from the air. Threatened by a simultaneous attack from Siam, the local French authorities are unlikely to set up further obstacles to Japanese control of northern Indo-China. The fate of the colony depends, ironically enough, on the effectiveness of the Chinese troops that are being massed to give battle to the Japanese—troops that would be far better armed and provisioned had France not closed the Indo-China railway and highway to all war supplies destined for China. It is well that Britain has acted before its Far Eastern possessions are placed in similar jeopardy.

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HERBERT L. MATTHEWS, NEW YORK *TIMES* correspondent in Rome until October 7, sent his paper a dispatch in which he reported:

> The Axis is out to defeat President Roosevelt, not as a measure of interference in the internal policies of the United States but because of the President's foreign policy and because of everything for which he stands in the eyes of the Italians and the Germans. The coming United States election is realized to be of vast importance to the Axis.

This statement was pure political dynamite, and it exploded directly under the campaign of the *Times's* candidate, Wendell Willkie. The *Times,* with exemplary courage, printed the story on the front page. Two days later Virginio Gayda wrote in the *Voce d'Italia* that it made no difference whether Roosevelt was reelected or not since "Italy and Germany now feel certain of victory." On the next day Mr. Matthews was ordered out

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of Italy. A government communiqué states that the Matthews dispatch "tended to disturb relations between the two countries," but this explanation seems too simple. Italy has been attacking the United States with happy Fascist abandon in its controlled press and has openly asserted that the alliance with Japan was directed against this country. We suspect that Matthews's story was repudiated because it had produced the opposite effect from what the Axis wanted: it had provided important ammunition for Roosevelt's supporters, already under attack for asserting that the dictators wanted to see the President defeated.

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ATTORNEY GENERAL JACKSON'S RULING that violators of the National Labor Relations Act are subject to the government's contract policy regardless of whether they have appealed to the courts has touched off a flurry of controversy. Mr. Jackson makes it very clear in a letter to the New York *Times* that he did not rule, as the *Times* had reported, that violators of the Wagner Act should not receive government contracts. That decision was made nearly a month ago by the National Defense Commission and has been accepted by the army and navy. Mr. Jackson's common-sense definition of a violator seems scarcely important enough to have caused all the fireworks. Its importance lies chiefly in the fact that a number of companies, notably the Bethlehem Steel Corporation and the Ford Motor Company, have sought to postpone the consequences of their law violation by endless litigation in the courts. How far the Administration is prepared to go in withholding contracts from firms which resisted federal and state labor laws remains to be seen. Obviously such a policy, resolutely followed, might temporarily interfere with defense measures. For in addition to large firms like Bethlehem, which represents an important part of the country's shipbuilding capacity, a number of lesser firms have been convicted of violations. Together these concerns control large areas of essential production. On the other hand, disaffection among the workers, even more deadly to defense, is likely to follow successful evasion of the law by big corporations under cover of national necessity. This seems to us a case where the pressure of public opinion ought to be brought to bear to enforce respect for the principles of the Wagner Act, which even Republicans now indorse. If United States Steel can bargain with the unions, there is no reason why Bethlehem or Ford should refuse.

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SENATOR O'MAHONEY'S EFFORTS TO KEEP the TNEC inquiry, of which he is chairman, as innocuous as possible have again been frustrated, this time by a fortunate news "leak" to the Washington *Post*. The *Post* obtained the gist of a report made by the SEC to the TNEC on the concentration of economic power in American industry. Publication of the story forced the Senator to issue a statement on the findings, though the text of the report is still withheld. Senator O'Mahoney was apologetic. "This study does not represent the views of the Temporary National Economic Committee since it has not yet been passed upon . . . any comment the companies studied may wish to make will be received by the committee." The report finds that three, rather than sixty, families occupy a dominant position in American industry. The du Ponts, Mellons, and Rockefellers have aggregate shareholdings of nearly $1,400,000,000 in the 200 corporations which account for the bulk of activity in manufacturing, mining, electric and gas utilities, transportation, and communication. The supposed wide distribution of the stock of American industry is found to be a myth. In the average corporation the majority of the voting stock is concentrated in the hands of approximately 1 per cent of the stockholders. There are 9,000,000 American stockholders, but 10,000 persons, .008 per cent of the population, own one-fourth of the stock in our 200 largest non-financial corporations.

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WITH MORE CEREMONY AND SWANK THAN is customary, a new isolationist organization, the America First Committee, has been born. The announcement of its birth appeared in $2,500 worth of space in the New York *Times*, ornamented with halftones, a program, and an appeal for support. To this document were attached the names of as ill-assorted a collection of Americans as ever appeared on a single committee. Even the Communists couldn't do better. Among them are John T. Flynn and Thomas N. McCarter; Oswald Garrison Villard and William Castle; Kathryn Lewis and Henry Ford. The presence of liberal pacifists in this company is even harder to explain when you read the program. It denounces help to Britain and insists that the United States stands in no danger of attack. But in the next breath it says: "We need an impregnable defense. Let us arm to the teeth for that defense. We need guns. We need planes. We need tanks. We need ships enough for a two-ocean navy independent of any other power." Readers of *The Nation* will not have forgotten that Mr. Villard announced, in his final contribution to these pages, that his retirement had "been precipitated . . . by the editors' abandonment of *The Nation's* steadfast opposition to all preparations for war, for universal military service, to a great navy, and to *all* war." Readers of the *New Republic* and of Mr. Flynn's writings elsewhere will recall his stubborn opposition to the whole defense program. What has happened to these men? Undoubtedly they want to keep the United States out of war, but they are going about it by advocating exactly the methods they have always most bitterly condemned.

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NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, PRESIDENT OF Columbia University, has asked the resignation of any of his faculty who find themselves in conflict with "the university's freedom to go its way toward its lofty aim." In this case the lofty aim of the university, as Dr. Butler sees it, is to cooperate with the government of the United States in its defense program and in its support of Great Britain against the Nazi "beast." Dr. Butler gives even shorter shrift to the students of his institution. "For those who are in *'statu pupillari,'*" he decrees, "the phrase academic freedom has no meaning whatsoever." Dr. Butler says his ruling was made in the name of that freedom which must come "before and above academic freedom of any kind or sort"—that "university freedom which is the right and obligation of the university itself to pursue its high ideals unhampered and unembarrassed." In the storm that has risen over Dr. Butler's remarks, few have taken issue with his sympathy for Britain or his support of defense measures; but the university men of Great Britain who in the midst of war may still talk as they please would be among the first to condemn his high-handed denial of academic freedom. We hope the storm of protest will grow. Meanwhile, we cite two pertinent facts: Nicholas Murray Butler is not Columbia University, but he is the president who has for years suffered the pro-fascist Casa Italiana to exist on the campus.

*

THE BEST COMMENT WE HAVE HEARD SO FAR on Elliott Roosevelt's exploit in accepting a commission as captain in the Air Corps is his own. He says that he has "done one more thing to convince Father that I always put my foot in my mouth," though we suspect that Father, like the rest of us, needed no extra proof. The funniest incident growing out of Elliott's "sacrifice" for his country is the action of the young man who went to a recruiting station and said in all seriousness that he would like to enlist as a captain. By far its most important result, however, is the lift it has given to the Republican campaign. According to the press, Willkie's supporters "see a powerful human issue" here; a group of World War Veterans for Willkie have demanded a Congressional investigation; on the lighter "human" side the Southern conference of no-third-term Democrats is sending out copies of a popular song titled, for the illiterate masses, "Elliott, I Wanna Be a Cap'n, Too"; and another Willkie button, carrying the same line, is crowding all the others on upper-income bosoms. Not counting buttons, the Republicans now have two issues: "no third term" and "no captaincy for Elliott Roosevelt."

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THE UNCOVERING OF AN ALMAZAN PLOT IN Monterrey and the suppression of a series of minor uprisings in various parts of the country seem to have scotched the last remaining chance of an immediate revolution in Mexico. It is probable, however, that the ineffectual sputtering at Monterrey was merely the last gasp of a movement that had already received its death blow at Washington. Almazán's candidacy rested primarily on the support of American commercial interests and would have had to have the assurance of official recognition by this country. For several weeks it has been plain that such recognition would not be forthcoming. The State Department has refused to accept a registration statement filed by an agent of Almazán's which referred to him as "legitimate President-elect of Mexico" and has indicated its intention of welcoming Camacho in that capacity on a forthcoming visit to Washington. There is good ground to believe even clearer assurances of our intentions have been given to Mexican officials, possibly as part of a broader understanding involving a defense agreement similar to the one we already have with Canada. Such an undertaking would go far to explain certain recent developments in Mexico, such as the surprisingly moderate, if not conservative, tenor of Camacho's recent remarks and the Cárdenas government's purported break with the pro-Communist followers of Lombardo Toledano.

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MOST PEOPLE TODAY TREAT REPORTS OF deteriorating German morale with great skepticism, and rightly, for the prophets of internal collapse have too often been revealed as wishful thinkers. However, the uncensored picture of war-time Germany brought back to *PM* by Richard O. Boyer merits attention. Mr. Boyer does not suggest an imminent breakdown in the Reich, but he reports that "a dead listlessness, akin to the disease of the spirit that caused the collapse of France, is spreading through Germany like a plague infecting an increasing number of her people with defeatism." Even immediately after the victory over France there seems to have been little enthusiasm among civilians. At that time officials said, "It will all be over in three weeks," and this phrase became a slogan which threatens to boomerang now that there is talk of a long, hard struggle. Mr. Boyer believes that the Nazi Party and the army are still untouched by this malaise, but a correspondent of the London *Times* who was in Brussels in August and early September declares that the German soldiers there were "in the main tired, war-weary, and demoralized to a high degree." Many of them expressed the belief that the invasion of England would never succeed, and on slight encouragement they would talk of their longing to get home. One dare not count on the rapid spread of defeatism, but the fact that it exists at all suggests that the Nazi technique of dosing the population with repeated shots of glory is reaching the stage of diminishing returns.

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EVEN SEVERE CRITICS OF THE SOVIET UNION have extolled its success in battling illiteracy and have admired its system of free education with maintenance through college. Hence the news that in future fees are to be charged for tuition in high schools and colleges will disillusion many people. Students in the eighth, ninth, and tenth grades are to pay 200 rubles yearly in cities and 150 in towns and villages. College students will pay 400 rubles yearly in cities and 300 in towns. Art, music, and theater-school fees are fixed at 500 rubles. The government announcement ascribes the change to the higher material level of the workers and the increased expenses of the state. It is difficult to believe, however, that the proposed charges will not prove a heavy burden on the lower-paid employees. There is reason to fear, therefore, that the children of the poorer Russian workers may in future be partially excluded from higher education. This is an ominous step toward the re-creation of a class society.

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The Winter Campaign

WE DO not require any official report on the meeting of the dictators at the Brenner to know what they talked about. Perhaps, as some of the Axis dopesters have reported, they discussed the division of the British lion skin, but the chief topic of their conversation must have been how to kill the lion. The almost obvious strategy for a winter campaign would be to keep the major British strength pinned down at home by maintaining the invasion threat while launching a big offensive in Egypt. If, at the same time, the Japanese could be induced to attack or threaten British positions in the Far East, it would be difficult for Britain to reinforce any of its chief positions.

One of the questions which Hitler and Mussolini must have pondered, therefore, was whether Marshal Graziani's army was capable of fulfilling its mission, and, if not, how it could best be strengthened. The great obstacle is the British fleet, which has reestablished almost complete control in the Mediterranean. As a result the Libyan army's main line of communications with Italy, on which it is dependent not only for reinforcements and supplies but even for much of its water, is far from safe. This is likely to put a damper on any plans for sending sizable bodies of German troops to stiffen Graziani's ranks. Probably German planes are being sent to Libya, but any large-scale increase in the Italian army of the desert is hardly possible so long as the Italian navy sticks to "safety first" tactics.

What the Axis badly needs is a back door to North Africa. If Spain could be persuaded to facilitate an attack on Gibraltar, a passage might be opened, but Franco appears to think that Britain is still too strong to make belligerency a worth-while gamble. What about the eastern road to the Suez Canal via the Dardanelles, Turkey, and Syria? The movement of German and Italian troops into Rumania is a sign that the Axis is edging in that direction. But a host of political questions must be settled before the route becomes practicable. Will this step interfere with the use of the Balkans as a source of supplies? Can Russia and Turkey be scared or bought into giving their assent? What would be the reaction of the still large French forces in Syria? We can imagine the dictators mulling over these problems, but we must wait on events to learn what conclusions they reached.

Another probable item on their agenda was the position of France. If the Axis were able to use the military, naval, and air bases in French North Africa and Syria, its prospects in Egypt would be enormously improved. But a demand on Vichy for their surrender or an attempt at seizure—even if this were not thwarted by the British fleet—would almost inevitably send the French colonies into the arms of General de Gaulle. An alternative

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would be to bring France in as an Axis partner, but this would mean that Mussolini would have to forgo much of his anticipated loot.

We have suggested some of the problems confronting Hitler and Mussolini at the onset of the winter campaign. What are the corresponding riddles which the British government must attempt to solve? In spite of continuous air attacks Britain's home defenses appear incomparably stronger than a few months ago. It may still have to repel an invasion, but every week increases its ability to do so, and neither air raids nor the intensified submarine warfare is likely to undermine its economic life to a serious extent. But Britain has a big problem to face—the maintenance of civilian morale. Up to now all Hitler's attempts to "soften up" the inhabitants have failed, a fact which speaks volumes for native character, for the government has done far too little to help the people endure their ordeals. The obstinate refusal of the Home Office to prepare deep shelters has now been shown up in all its glaring shortsightedness. Arrangements for caring for those who have lost their homes and belongings have hitherto been inadequate, and respect for private property has prevented the prompt utilization of unoccupied houses. Thanks, however, to the amazing liberty of speech which survives in Britain, these grievances were immediately aired in press and Parliament, and remedies are being applied. The government reshuffle, which followed the unregretted departure of Mr. Chamberlain, made possible the removal of Sir John Anderson as Home Secretary and Minister for Home Security and the nomination to this key position of Herbert Morrison, who can be trusted to use both energy and imagination in providing better protection for the people of London. There can be no more urgent task; in a beleaguered city morale is bound to suffer unless hardships are equally shared.

The British government has also been strengthened by the promotion of Ernest Bevin to the War Cabinet. Since he became Minister of Labor in May Mr. Bevin has emerged as a national leader second only to Winston Churchill in public esteem. It is unfortunate that party politics should have forced the doors of the War Cabinet for Sir Kingsley Wood and Sir John Anderson, whose claims to high office rest largely on their positions in the tory party machine. Even worse is the retention of Lord Halifax as Foreign Secretary. During the coming winter campaign Britain must keep on the defensive in a military sense. But it should be engaging in political preparations for a future offensive. This means the development of a program for war *and peace* which will serve to rally the oppressed peoples of Europe when the time comes. The task is one for the Foreign Secretary, and it calls for a man who is knowledgeable, tough, realistic, and, above all, imaginative. Even Lord Halifax's best friends would hardly assert that he fills the bill.

Pre-Mortem on Willkie

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

AS A private citizen communing with myself and my friends I make no bones about my belief that Wendell Willkie is already defeated. As an editor, with the reputation of this venerable journal momentarily at my mercy, I cannot take such liberties with time and chance. The election is still four weeks off; in less time Hitler conquered France. For publication, a responsible journalist dare only perform a restrained pre-mortem on the candidacy of Mr. Willkie, in an effort to locate and analyze the symptoms of pernicious anaemia which so strongly suggest the end.

What has happened to the Willkie campaign? It started well, with money, glamour, talent, and organization. It had a candidate who was known for courage, pugnacity, and almost fabulous charm. It had as further assets the burning hatred of most important business men for the New Deal and the worried concern of a large part of the middle class over huge spending, huge taxes, a huge and fast-growing debt, and seven years of what were labeled radical experiments. What has happened to it in the fifteen weeks since Philadelphia?

One of the most unexpected happenings was the rapid deflation of the candidate himself. Willkie turned out to be a poor though strenuous campaigner. His speeches are not strong or convincing; they are merely loud and emphatic. He presents them badly. The art of oratory has always played an undue part in the success or failure of a public man, and on this score one might consider Willkie merely a victim of hard luck; a bad speaker might make an excellent Chief Executive. But his inability to talk himself into favor is not entirely or even largely due to his defects as an orator. His failure springs from deeper roots.

Wendell Willkie does not mean what he says. This is a hard saying, but I am certain it is true. I am also certain that he does not know it. He sounds at the same time insincere and convinced of his sincerity. His words ring earnestly hollow. You get the feeling that the Republican candidate is playing the part of a man who is running for the Presidency and must talk in a certain prescribed way about certain time-honored subjects: his humble past, his strong biceps, his homely virtues; his support of labor and the farmer and business; his promise to keep the country out of war; his promise to lick Hitler; his approval of the New Deal coupled with his disapproval of government interference with free enterprise. This is not Wendell Willkie; it is a man who is something else pretending to be a candidate for the Presidency. The pretense rings louder in people's hearts than the words do in their ears.

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I heard Willkie speak just once before he became a Presidential aspirant. The occasion was his now famous debate with Robert Jackson on utility rates and the TVA. He was not acting that night. He was arguing a case, which he had prepared well, before a critical audience. He didn't pretend anything; he was just a hard, able utilities lawyer who knew his stuff. He out-talked and outshone Bob Jackson. He was attractive and forceful and effective. That man is not running for President. If he were I think and hope he would be defeated; but he would put up a real fight.

The second chief obstacle to Willkie's election is not of his making. He is flatly committed to short-of-war aid to Britain; he has proposed strong resistance to Japan; he supports the defense program. But Roosevelt need not lean on words. While Willkie talks, he acts—and ignores the existence of his opponent. And every new measure of defense, every move to help Britain or to thwart Japan, drowns out Willkie's earnest assurances that he would do the same things, only more—and better—and sooner.

To this misfortune is joined the unhappy but unavoidable liability of fascist support. The dictators *do* hope for the defeat of Roosevelt. This fact is so patent and so important that it seems a little fatuous to expect the President's friends to ignore it in deference to a Republican canon of "fair play." It is not Willkie's fault, any more than it is his fault that the pro-appeasement elements in this country are solidly behind him. But his innocence does not rob either fact of its political significance. Roosevelt has come to be a symbol of militant anti-fascism: he is hated by reactionaries and fascists from Valparaiso to Bremen and on around to Tokyo. If he suffers defeat, the cause of democratic resistance all over the world will suffer too. And if Willkie, in office, should try to revitalize that cause he would have to do so against the opposition of a large proportion of the leading elements which now support him. Poor Willkie is fighting for election on a non-appeasement program with pro-appeasement backing against the man who is actually carrying out a non-appeasement policy. A less enviable situation could scarcely be imagined.

Another hurdle in Willkie's path from Philadelphia to Washington is the progress of the war itself. If the meeting at the Brenner Pass and the announcement of the new Triple Alliance were timed with any idea of influencing American election returns, they were not shrewdly calculated. The Axis alliance with Japan was intended and interpreted as a threat. The people of the United States took it that way. Opinion has rallied to the Administration's extension of the embargo on goods for Japan; it will support every additional evidence of firmness.

A final symptom of coming collapse is the decay of morale in the Willkie high command. The candidate himself is working hard and showing no public signs of discouragement. But little Willkie money is to be found in Wall Street at any odds. Many of those who still intend to vote for Willkie privately admit the weakness of the candidate and his campaign; many who joined the "crusade" at the start have dropped out of the ranks; a man prominent in one of the big advertising agencies which helped nominate Willkie was reported the other day as saying that Landon had made a better candidate. These are only straws in the pre-election hurricane: the figures in the latest Gallup polls afford more important storm warnings.

On the day that Dorothy Thompson and Walter Lippmann, at the head of their columns, march into the Roosevelt trenches, we may consider that almost everything has been attended to except the congratulatory telegram from Wendell Willkie.

Walter Heilprin Pollak

BY ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

IT IS hard to realize that a person so much alive as Walter Pollak can be dead. His was no reflected light. He radiated generous enthusiasm for justice, delight in mental activity, unexpected flashes of wit. We have lost him when we need him most. Soon we may be longing for his energy, clear thinking, and devotion to American traditions in order to protect our liberties once more from misguided patriotic emotionalism.

After he joined the New York law office to which Justice Cardozo then belonged, Pollak's skill in arguing difficult questions of law before appellate courts caused him to be retained by other lawyers for this purpose with increasing frequency. When his legal services for the War Industries Board ended, the hysteria over radicalism was in progress. Pollak soon became the foremost defender of personal liberties in the upper courts. His best-known victories consisted in persuading the United States Supreme Court to quash two separate death sentences upon the Scottsboro Negroes, first because they were not fairly represented by counsel at their initial trial and later because Negroes were excluded from the jury list. Only a lawyer can appreciate the enormous technical obstacles Pollak overcame in the second Scottsboro case.

Oddly enough, Pollak's greatest contribution to freedom was in a case he lost. When Benjamin Gitlow, then a leader of the left-wing Socialists, was convicted under a New York statute enacted after McKinley's assassination to punish anarchists, Pollak joined Walter Nelles and other lawyers in bringing the case before the United States Supreme Court. It was very doubtful

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whether the court would pass on a state statute limiting free speech. Since the First Amendment applies only to suppressions by the federal government, the sole hope lay in the Fourteenth Amendment, which protects "life, liberty, or property" against unreasonable state action. And the court had repeatedly refused to extend this provision to state infringements of free speech. Nevertheless, Pollak's oral argument convinced the court that "liberty" in the Fourteenth Amendment includes liberty of speech and the press (Gitlow *vs.* New York, 268 United States Reports, 652). Though the court went on to hold that Gitlow's liberty had been properly limited, this was unimportant because Al Smith immediately pardoned him. The new doctrine was solidly established, with Pollak's help, that the Fourteenth Amendment gives open discussion the same protection against the states which the First Amendment gives it against the nation. This principle subsequently served to upset the California Red Flag Act, the Minnesota Newspaper Gag law, and Mayor Hague's suppression of open-air meetings in New Jersey.

Pollak's great work in promoting public welfare and upholding our traditional liberties was made possible by the hospitality of this nation eighty years ago in admitting oppressed European thinkers of all races. His father came from Austria; his maternal grandfather, Michael Heilprin, from Hungary. Their writings on foreign affairs and literature enriched the pages of *The Nation* and other American publications; their lives and that of Heilprin's son, a distinguished geologist, are recorded in the "Dictionary of American Biography." Such families as the Pollaks and the Heilprins were for the United States what the Huguenot refugees of the seventeenth century were for England. Intolerance toward the refugees of today may deprive us of the Walter Pollaks of tomorrow.

Hitler Profits from Our Defense

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, October 7

"HARD-METAL composition" is an alloy of basic importance to national defense. It is used to cut tools needed for the manufacture of munitions, aircraft, tanks, and ships. According to a report by the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, it costs about $25 a pound to produce "hard-metal composition." In August it was selling at $205 a pound and 10 per cent of the price was being paid to a German trust. In 1929 this trust entered into an international cartel agreement with American interests making the alloy. Restriction of production was part of the agreement. "Hard-metal composition," which had sold as low as $48 a pound before the agreement, has sold as high as $453 a pound since. Agreements of this kind enable the Nazis (1) to make a profit on our defense program, (2) to restrict production of materials essential to that program, and (3) to keep themselves well informed on American military plans and preparedness.

The case of "hard-metal composition" is but one of many examples of international business tie-ups dangerous to defense. A resolution introduced by Senator Wheeler calling for an investigation of the subject has just been adopted after a hard struggle. The Department of Justice, which is itself prosecuting participants in a number of these agreements, approved the proposed investigation. The Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce submitted a unanimous report recommending adoption of the resolution. But Senator Warren R. Austin, Republican, of Vermont, succeeded in blocking passage on the unanimous consent calendar, and the Senate committee was so fearful of reactionary opposition to the Wheeler resolution that it struck out its original request for $50,000 to finance the inquiry. The resolution now carries no request for funds, and because of that fact the investigation authorized by it will be terribly handicapped. The request for funds was struck out so that the resolution would not have to run the gauntlet of the Senate Audit and Control Committee. The chairman of this committee is Senator Byrnes. Senator Byrnes believes in "economy."

American experience in the last war showed the importance of knowing the extent of German influence and investment in our industrial machine. The decision of United States Circuit Judge Woolley in the Chemical Foundation case after the war revealed the extent of this influence. Through the Bosch Magneto Company the German government had been able "by a policy of deception and delays" to postpone delivery for fifteen months on special apparatus needed for airplanes. German-owned fire-insurance companies had forwarded plans of American industrial plants to Berlin. The Florida Lumber Company, controlled by German interests, "had acquired every advantageous place on the finest harbor on the Gulf of Mexico, the nearest harbor on American soil to the Panama Canal. Its files, instead of containing matters pertaining to the lumber business, were filled with pan-German literature." German-domi-

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nated concerns had cornered the market in coal tar to hamper the manufacture of munitions. "Their achievements," according to Judge Woolley, "in acquiring essential chemicals were regarded by the German government authorities as equivalent to the destruction of a train of 400 cars loaded with explosives." Indisputably German interests in those years not only managed to impede preparedness but to make a profit in the process. There are indications that this is true today, perhaps to an even greater extent than last time. Senator Wheeler proposes to find out. It is hard to believe that anyone sincerely concerned with the defense of this country would object to a full disclosure of the facts.

Until July, 1940, when the Department of Justice was successful in breaking up the practice, an American corporation manufacturing bomb sights declined to sell or quote prices on its products without the permission of a German corporation which was its cartel partner. A German group controls patents in this country on the manufacture of beryllium, a light metal used in making planes. Magnesium is widely used in German aviation, but the supply of it here has been restricted by patents in which a German chemical trust has a half-interest. Long-term contracts made some years ago by a number of American concerns with German and Japanese companies require them to disclose any newly developed secret military devices to these foreign companies. How many of these agreements are still in force? American companies have $2,000,000,000 invested in Germany. To what extent has this been made a basis for blackmail? "To the extent that reports, secret processes, formulas, and personnel are exchanged between German and American plants," the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce believes, "there may arise the danger of disclosing to a foreign power matters which defense considerations make it unwise to reveal." Isn't it unsafe to embark on a great defense program without full knowledge of these international connections?

Japan's Great Bluff

BY FREDA UTLEY

BRITISH and American complaisance concerning Japanese aggression, which stems in part from the imperialist tradition that the conquest of colored peoples is legitimate, has now produced a situation in which the past betrayal of China may prevent the United States from aiding Britain in the hour of its greatest peril. Whether Japan is bluffing or not, Germany and Italy can count upon extreme reluctance in America to move the fleet to the Atlantic or to give or sell any more warships to the British government, however desperately England needs them.

Yet even at this eleventh hour it is difficult to believe in the "sincerity" of Japan's commitments to the Axis. It is more likely that Japan is indulging in blackmail of Britain and the United States on a vast scale. Would it really enter the European war against England, or rather would it dare to declare war on the United States, if the latter were at long last to sever trade relations with it? Readers of *The Nation* are too familiar with the figures showing Japan's dependence on American war supplies for it to be necessary to repeat them here. Unfortunately, it is true that Japan has been allowed to accumulate large reserves and may by now be in a position to contemplate a naval war of short duration even against America. But it is certain that Germany, while it is fighting the British Empire, cannot take America's place as a supplier of iron, steel, oil, copper, and machinery.

Japan may finally have become convinced, as a result of the half-hearted manner in which the United States has applied economic pressure, that it has nothing to fear and much to gain by its new alliance with the Axis. Certainly the way the news of the pact was received in Washington cannot give the Japanese much cause for alarm. In answer to a question on September 28 as to why the scrap-iron embargo would not be applied until October 16, Sumner Welles stated: "Delay in imposing the embargo has been because of the continued hope that there still is time in which these Far Eastern problems can be solved with continued cooperation, mutual understanding, and good-will. I sincerely hope that this is still possible." Nor is there as yet any announcement of a coming embargo on copper, oil, pig iron, steel, or machinery.

Meanwhile the London *Times,* in its editorial of October 2, urged the United States to send all available supplies of arms to England rather than to help China. If this is the official British view, or if fear for the security of Australia and the Pacific sea routes, combined with a belief that Japan can be bought off by gentle handling, continues to motivate British and American policy, Japan will doubtless pluck up the courage to enter the war, and its navy may yet adminster the coup de grâce to the British Empire. Only fear, not moral suasion, only a complete British and American em-

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bargo, will hold Japan back. At present it appears to be calculating that the new alliance will give it great advantages and that it will not be required to pay its debt to the Axis until it has secured such strong footholds in Asia and the Pacific—with control of the tin and rubber which America must buy—and has laid in such ample reserves of oil and metals that it can afford to take the risk of war with Great Britain and the United States.

Prince Konoye, on September 27, made it plain that Japan had entered into the new alliance as its best chance to gain a free hand in "Greater East Asia," although he also warned the Japanese people that Japan might eventually be forced to implement its promises to the Axis. He said:

> We face an emergency unprecedented in our history. Enforcement of the treaty may become necessary. . . . During the past three years Japan has made tremendous sacrifices and lost many loyal soldiers. Prolongation of the China war on the one hand and establishment of the new order and armament replenishment on the other have exacted heavy sacrifices and made life difficult. Taking internal conditions and the international outlook into consideration, the government decided that the triple alliance was Japan's best way. Our efforts will decide our fate. No effort will be too great. I ask the people to rise to overcome the nation's difficulties.

There is confirmation in this pronouncement for the view expressed by close observers inside Japan that the new alliance is due as much to internal conditions as to the international situation. The war-weary Japanese people, whose hopes of ever finishing the China war have faded, are to be stimulated to fresh efforts by new commitments, graver dangers, and greater ambitions. At the same time their government is promising them a "new order" at home as well as abroad—the curbing of "the self-seeking capitalists," the full application of the National Mobilization Act so that capital as well as labor will be subject to the military and the rich forced to make heavy sacrifices instead of only the poor. Whether or not Japan eventually fulfils its obligations to the Axis will largely if not wholly depend on whether or not its military fascists have the power to convert it into a National Socialist state. The great obstacle so far to their plans has been the "divine" Emperor, who has tended to stand in the way of the fulfilment of Japan's "divine mission." Just because Japan has never been a democracy, it is difficult for it to go fascist. The Emperor, never having abdicated his power to parliament, has been utilized these last years as a bulwark of the existing social and economic system by the old-established capitalist interests, the titled bureaucrats, and the more moderate army and navy leaders. It may be that the military fascists, through Prince Konoye, have already got possession of the Emperor and deprived him and the moderates of all power. Prince Konoye in August was suggesting a scheme by which the advantages of a totalitarian economic and political system might be obtained without making the state and the party one, thereby getting over the difficulty that in Japan the Emperor and the state are supposed to be identical. He appears to envisage one party with its leader as the permanent wielder of power in the Emperor's name, with the Emperor over all, divine but powerless, like his ancestors in Kyoto before the restoration of 1868.

It is, nevertheless, not yet proved that the big business interests in Japan are already powerless and forced to break the ties which irrevocably bind them to the British Empire and the United States. That Japan does not yet consider itself committed to war was immediately made clear by the Tokyo Foreign Office, whose spokesman, Shiratori, said: "It is a guaranty agreement, and nothing substantial can be done with it alone. All depends upon Japan's future efforts."

Japan must be gambling on what it considers at least a four-to-one chance in its favor. For the forces of appeasement are strong both in London and Washington, where Japanese aggression has never been considered either morally or militarily or politically comparable to German aggression in Europe. How far this desire to appease Japan is due to the profits of American and British merchants and manufacturers, how far it is, or was, due to the belief that Japan menaces no vital interest of the Anglo-Saxon powers, and how far it is due to mistaken ideas about how to strengthen the hands of the so-called moderates in Japan, only the historian of the future will be able to judge. In any case, the desire obviously still exists, and Japan can gamble heavily upon it. It is this fact that makes it wrong to think that Germany and Italy, not Japan, gain most from the new alliance. Japan has been enjoying the support of the Axis powers for years, and all it has done in return is to transport supplies for them across the Pacific.

There is probably truth in the reports from Shanghai that since August the Germans have been telling Japan plainly that if it failed to join them soon its help would no longer be required, and it might find itself friendless when the war in Europe was at an end. Japan's game of playing both ends against the middle has been a very paying one, but that has been because the ends were fighting each other. What if Germany and England made peace, or what if one or the other of them won the war without being too exhausted to curb Japan? Japan might find that it had not only missed its chance to acquire possession of the Dutch East Indies and other rich lands in the Pacific, but also its chance to conquer China. Germany was also in a position to threaten Japan with strong French resistance in Indo-China and the destruction of oil wells in the Dutch East Indies; or to promise French surrender and pressure upon Dutch East Indies

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officials through the threat of reprisals against their relations in Holland.

Hitler's power over Stalin is, however, likely to have been Germany's trump card in forcing Japan to make its choice of sides and take the consequences. For it is Germany, not England, which can curb Russia, and British efforts to appease Japan and keep its navy out of the war must have been nullified by the simultaneous effort to secure Russia as an ally of the British Empire. Hitler may have threatened Japan with a Russian attack in Manchuria or Mongolia, while promising to make Russia stop all aid to China if Japan committed itself to the Axis. Since Japan's chief aim is the conquest of China, this would be no small reward for its compliance.

It is in the Far East that we are likely to learn whether Stalin is already Hitler's vassal or whether Russia is strong enough to pursue an independent policy. Should a Russo-Japanese pact eventuate, the Chinese Communists would be likely to receive orders to split the United Front and abandon the war of national liberation under Chiang Kai-shek's leadership. This would be the greatest service Moscow could render to Tokyo, although personally I doubt whether at this stage Russia could break Chinese unity or cause the majority of the Communists and their followers to betray their country. On the other hand, it is possible that Germany, having long experienced Japan's unwillingness or inability to challenge Britain and the United States, may consider it wise to hold Russo-Japanese relations in suspense until it has definite proof of Japan's readiness to fulfil its promise to the Axis. The menace of Russia is no doubt of great use to Hitler in pushing Japan over the precipice.

The Kremlin, if it does come to an understanding with Japan, may of course be actuated as much by the hope of seeing Japan direct its aggression southward, thus becoming embroiled with England and the United States, as by the need to do what Germany wishes. It is difficult to see Russia agreeing to the "liquidation" of Chinese nationalism, which constitutes so important a defense for the U. S. S. R. in the East. However, it may consider that it would acquire greater security plus a field for expansion by a deal with Japan which would call for the establishment of a Chinese Soviet Republic in the Northwest—a kind of Russo-Japanese partition of China.

China's fate must now more than ever depend upon the United States. Should this country be bluffed by Japan into continuing to supply it with the sinews of war, while still giving only dribbling aid to China, it is hard to see how China can fight on, especially if it is abandoned by Russia. A real embargo against Japan, coupled with arms to China, would keep Japan too busy and too short of supplies for it to be able to implement its promise to Germany and Italy. Real aid to China would help materially to decide the outcome of the European war. The announcement that Britain will reopen the Burma road implies recognition of this fact in London.

The Brazil of Vargas

BY SAMUEL GUY INMAN

THE Brazilian government, like a sailing ship, bends to the prevailing wind—North American breeze, German cyclone, or "the trades" from Brazil's own rapidly developing interior. The last man I talked with in Brazil said that the army was pro-German, the government pro-army, and the Brazilian people 95 per cent pro-Ally.

Fed by the highly colored news reports published at home, the visitor from the United States lands in Rio with his camera all set to take pictures of Nazis marching in the streets and of the swastika flying over buildings. But nothing of the kind is visible. Life in Rio seems about like life in Washington. One hears the usual number of stories about the divisions between the President and his Cabinet, about intrigues in international circles, and about the dictatorial policies of the Chief of State. But on the whole people move about freely, and there is no feeling of oppression.

Brazil is experiencing a boom. The amount of building is enormous. Municipal improvements, new roads, new factories, and housing projects are everywhere in evidence. I have visited Brazil every few years since 1914, and never have I been so struck by the material growth of the country as on this visit from which I have just returned. Vigorous government action to solve the social problems of this great sprawling, disorganized land has accompanied the national expansion.

Recently the President of the republic, for the first time in history, visited the "Far West" of the nation, to dedicate the new capital of the state of Goyas and at the same time to meet the aboriginal tribes of that section. The new state capital, Goyanna, is a city literally made to order. When it was decided to abandon the old capital instead of trying to modernize it, engineers were sent out to select a site with the proper climate and health conditions. Goyanna has been so well planned that every house, every street, every piece of plumbing, every playground, every factory will play its part in keeping slums,

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traffic jams, unsightly and unhealthy sections from ever appearing. The skill with which this bold undertaking has been carried out shows that Brazil has at its command every modern scientific device for extending the frontiers of its civilization.

While the conquest of the west is arousing the nation's enthusiasm, the eastern seaboard is busy on a program of industrialization. São Paulo with its population of 1,300,000 is the largest manufacturing center in South America. When Woolworth first opened ten-cent stores in Brazil, 95 per cent of the stock had to be imported. Today 95 per cent of the goods sold in these stores is made in the country. Among the five tire factories in Brazil, I chose to visit Goodyear in São Paulo. I found that it was more modern than any tire factory in the United States and that it was operated under the most enlightened social laws, with an eight-hour day, annual vacations, a minimum wage, workmen's compensation, pensions, and other protective measures. The Brazilian government is putting social legislation of this kind into effect in all urban communities at least. Brazilian tire factories buy rubber in the open market from brokers in the Amazon Valley. Their product is of the same quality as tires made in the United States and is sufficient for Brazilian consumption and for export to neighboring countries like Paraguay and Venezuela. Textiles are being manufactured in increasing quantities and are now being sold in the Argentine market.

Clearly Brazil is facing the future with enthusiasm. It is aware of only one shadow, the shadow that threatens the rest of the world—Adolf Hitler and his totalitarian allies.

I have just examined a collection of material used in German, Italian, and Japanese schools before they were closed by the federal government in a drive to eliminate foreign propaganda. All the maps as well as all the textbooks were in Japanese, German, or Italian. One German map I examined in detail had three southern Brazilian states which contain a large German population marked as Germany; another had the whole of Brazil thus designated. The common introduction to all German textbooks stated: "Wherever you live, be sure to extend the influence of your country, for there some day your country must rule." Italian texts declared: "Italians always obey il Duce, and they know, as is written in the decalogue of the soldier, that Mussolini is always right." In the state of São Paulo alone were 242 Japanese schools.

It took a good deal of courage for the federal government to overrule the educational authorities in the various states, make a thorough investigation of all foreign schools, and, with the evidence in hand, compel these schools to close or to make a complete change to the national language and curriculum. When this was done and decrees were issued prohibiting foreign secret organizations, the German Ambassador briskly demanded "justice" for his people and the liberty to do whatever they wanted to do. The Brazilian government replied by requesting the recall of the German diplomat. Diplomatic relations have since been restored, and German propaganda continues, though not so openly. The German embassy in Rio is reported to have a staff of 150, and consulates in all parts of the country have a large number of employees devoted to every kind of propaganda and espionage. Contributions are levied on German business men and since early summer on citizens of the conquered countries. If these are not paid, reprisals are visited on relatives at home. Any refusal to dismiss Jewish employees, to boycott designated business or social organizations, to proclaim loyalty to the Führer, or to give lavishly to the National Socialist Party is mercilessly punished.

In many perfectly aboveboard activities the Germans simply outplay the British and ourselves. Their cultural-exchange and radio programs are greatly superior. After all we have heard from our broadcasting companies about their improved service to Latin America, it is very disappointing to listen to it from that end. Of course the flow of goods and travel between Brazil and Germany has stopped temporarily, but the German business man, even today, is promising early deliveries and long-term credits. He will go to any trouble to give the customer exactly what he wants. Take, as an example, the experience of an interior town which sets up an electric-light plant and buys an odd-sized electric bulb for use throughout the town. When a new supply is needed, an American salesman will insist that the first purchase was a mistake and that a standard size must be bought. A German, however, will cater to the whim of the officials and deliver what the customer wants.

Brazil has the greatest supply of iron ore in the world, but the small mills now existing do not begin to supply the current demand for steel. Recently the United States Steel Company paid $85,000 for an investigation of the possibilities of opening a plant, and then made the Brazilian authorities a proposal requiring changes in labor and mining laws. The authorities refused it. The Germans said, practically, to the Brazilians, "Name your terms and we will build your plant." It was only because of the present international situation that the Brazilian government refused the German offer and sent a commission to the United States to obtain funds for the plant's construction. The commission got a loan of $25,000,000 from the Export-Import Bank on a pledge by the Brazilian government to invest an equal amount in the project.

Brazilian aviation is still under the domination of foreign countries. Pan-American Airways is constantly improving its service and has done a splendid job in

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increasing American prestige. New lines have recently been opened to Asunción, Paraguay, and the interior of Brazil. Its direct line from the Caribbean along the Brazilian coast to Buenos Aires is now the only route for air passengers and mail between South America and Europe. Former German, French, and Italian services across the southern Atlantic have been abandoned. Germany, however, has a strategic system of local lines within Brazil. They extend through the sparsely populated Amazon region, the far west, and the south. The landing fields, often located in remote sections, offer many dangerous opportunities to an enemy.

Getulio Vargas

Any discussion of the dictator of Brazil, President Getulio Vargas, must take into consideration, first, the tremendous needs of this unorganized, underpopulated, uneducated country, and, second, the threat offered to the nation by the Hitler machine. Vargas, to be sure, has the personal qualities of a leader who loves to rule, who is a past master in playing one side against the other, who believes that government must vigorously tackle social questions and always talk reform but must never go so far with reform as to risk being unhorsed. Undeniably he is dominated by the army. But he is determined to advance Brazil—and himself as its representative—cost what it will. There is a kind of *camaraderia* between the people and their chief that is quite different from the fear and plotting that usually mark that relationship under Latin American dictatorships. Jokes about "Getulio" are heard everywhere. Naturally those who suffer under his heavy hand, in prison or in exile, are not so nonchalant about him.

The Brazilian Congress has not met since November, 1937, when Vargas told it to stop its senseless debates and go home. But one of the largest of the great new buildings in Rio de Janeiro is the home of the new Ministry of Labor. A few years ago Brazil was behind all other South American countries in social legislation and interest in labor problems. Now it is among the most advanced. A new building soon to be finished for the Department of Education is indicative of the emphasis being placed on the effort to reduce the country's enormous illiteracy, estimated at from 60 to 75 per cent. In this field, however, the President has a bad record of yielding to the army. He has eliminated some of the most progressive of the younger leaders trained in the United States, and all liberal Brazilians are ashamed of the refusal last year to permit the World Education Association to hold its meeting in Brazil.

Brazil is traditionally the friend of the United States. In these days when the totalitarian countries offer so much it is difficult for it to understand some of the acts of this country. When the Brazilian delegation faced the problem of how to arrive on time at the hastily called Havana Conference, the government sent letters to the Moore-McCormack Line and a Japanese line inquiring about rates and whether one of their ships could be ordered to put in at Havana. Within forty-eight hours the Japanese officials answered that they would be glad to change the route of their next ship, sailing to Panama ordinarily, so that it would bring the delegates to Havana on time. As for rates, a 50 per cent reduction would be given. The United States line, with a large subsidy from the government to run the "Good Neighbor fleet," replied later that the problem was difficult, that it would have to be referred to Washington, and that rates would be in accordance with regular tariffs. The Brazilian delegates traveled on the Japanese vessel to the Good Neighbor meeting at Havana. To further a better understanding with this country, the Brazilian government sends from ten to twenty students every year to the United States and is amazed that we should propose to send to Brazil only two students and one exchange professor annually—no more than we would send to the smallest Latin American country. This student exchange and many other friendly gestures are due especially to Dr. Oswaldo Aranha, Brazil's Minister of Foreign Affairs. An outstanding advocate of pan-Americanism, Dr. Aranha is doing much to hold Brazil steady on the democratic course.

Practically any Brazilian who is not pro-German will tell you that the United States alone can save Brazil from Nazi domination. President Roosevelt and Mr. Hull more than any other men living seem to represent the hope of Brazil and the world. If your South American audience is sleepy and inattentive, all you have to do is bring in the name of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and it will raise the roof. Whether the Germans should attack from the outside or strike through well-prepared Nazi groups within, the small defense forces of a country like Brazil would be absolutely helpless. Brazilians, therefore, dislike to have their northern neighbor hurl insults at Germany in the name of all the Americas.

What can the United States do to cooperate more effectively with Brazil? It is a question I have often put to my hosts. The hundreds of replies I have received revolve around four major points. First, it should provide more cultural exchange—students, professors, professionals, artists, social workers, radio, press. Second, it should increase its trade with Brazil, taking many

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products now bought from non-American countries, such as rubber, vegetable oils, minerals, woods, in exchange for manufactured goods. Third, it should furnish the capital that Brazil needs to develop its raw materials. Most of these materials, including manganese, so greatly needed by our steel industry, are found in the interior. Railroads must be built to transport products to the ports, and ships must be provided to carry them to the United States. Thus the very defense of North America can be aided by the investment of American capital in Brazil. As for the recently proposed pan-American cartel, which would enable the United States to meet the German enonomic thrust by buying up the surplus crops of South America, Brazil sees little in this scheme. Suppose Brazil should close up its trade with Europe and put all its eggs in Uncle Sam's basket. A few years later, when the war is ended, the United States might well decide to "return to normalcy." Brazilian foreign trade would then be left suspended in the air. What Brazil wants is aid in developing its own national life; it is quite willing that this be made complementary to the economy of the United States.

The fourth step for the United States to take, and the one most insistently advocated in Brazil, is to send more aid to Great Britain. If England is defeated in the present war, South American development as now planned and desired will be upset, whatever the United States may afterward be disposed to do.

London: Democracy in Action

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

London, September 11

IT IS not surprising that the Germans should have decided upon the indiscriminate bombing of London; the men who were responsible for the massacre at Guernica set no limits to their barbarism. I have seen the results so far—serious damage to some docks, extensive demolition of house and industrial property, three or four underground-railway stations harmed, hospitals, nursing homes, and cinemas damaged; about 800 people have been killed and some 3,000 seriously injured. Today is the fourth day of the raids. Whether they are to continue on the same scale I do not know. I assume that they have two purposes—attacks on military objectives and the demoralization of the civilian population.

The first purpose has definitely not been accomplished. Except for last Saturday evening, all the serious raids have been at night. The German planes have flown at a height of more than 15,000 feet, where it is difficult for them to see their objective through clouds and impossible to hit it with any accuracy. If the extent of dock damage and factory demolition be plotted on a map, it shows neither plan nor volume of success. As a purely military operation, its cost—over 200 planes—is out of all proportion to the results achieved. On the scale of the war the results are insignificant.

There is no evidence of demoralization. I do not pretend for a moment that bombing, especially at night, is not a grim experience. It is. The utter darkness, the continual drone of the planes, the boom of the anti-aircraft guns, the dull thud of the bombs varied by the shriek of the "whistling" type, the crash of falling buildings and the sudden outbursts of fire, the clang of the fire engines as they dash through the streets—all these combine to make night hideous indeed. And the coming of dawn, when the "all clear" sounds, is beyond question welcome, though it brings heart-rending sights.

The civil-defense services have worked most admirably, and the tales of individual heroism are beyond number: of firemen who have attacked fires while bombs were falling, of demolition workers who have dug out buried persons in areas where there were unexploded time bombs, of wardens who have ceaselessly led people to safe shelter amid explosions and shrapnel. Two telephone girls stayed at their post after the walls of their building had been blown away, and their supervisor arrived on time for her "duty" even though her own house had been bombed during the night. A telephone engineer mended some broken wires in a bomb crater, though bombs were striking around him and unexploded time bombs were in the neighborhood; the wires were needed for the pivotal control-room of the local town hall. I must, too, say a word of praise for the busmen and the railwaymen. They have carried on their vital transport work without attention to danger and with a cheerfulness that has put new courage into all who have had contact with them.

I have met people who have lost their nearest relatives; I have met others who have lost all their personal possessions; I have seen people bombed out of hospitals; I have spoken to scores carrying on their normal work when they have had little or no sleep for seventy-two hours, have, indeed, been compelled to spend three nights on end in a public shelter. I have met angry people, grim people, people whose mood has been sometimes more sober, sometimes more defiant, than is their wont. I can honestly say that I have not met a single

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person on whom the effect has been a desire for a settlement other than that of victory. The morale of the people is superb; it is shown in their indomitable cheerfulness, the amazing kindness of neighbor to neighbor, the resolution with which unaccustomed burdens have been shouldered.

In a time like this odd incidents stand out in one's memory. There was the old lady who did not feel herself much affected but was terribly upset for Mrs. Jenkins, "whose cat fair 'ates them raids." There was another old lady who, dug out of her demolished tenement house, came to the light of day with the expressive remark, "Blast that 'Itler." There was the family that, at five-thirty in the morning, had tea ready for thirty neighbors as they came out of their shelter in their mean little street. There are the people who hurry to the town hall to offer room or beds or blankets for neighbors who have lost their homes. There is the special gift, some flowers, perhaps, or fruit, for one who has suffered bereavement, tendered as a rule without words, because the feeling is too deep for expression. And the talk one hears is always of pride in the R. A. F., confidence in Mr. Churchill, and unbreakable certainty of triumph.

Two other things it is, I think, worth while to say. I spoke this afternoon with an eminent R. A. F. officer about reprisals, of which, naturally enough, there is some discussion. He was against them on three grounds: First, the R. A. F. had an air policy with the results of which it was satisfied; it would be folly to change it in response to an enemy policy which was militarily unsuccessful. Second, he did not think his pilots would carry it out; it was against the whole temper and training of the force. Third, on a long view it was a grave political error to teach masses of young men to have a general contempt for human life; that, he thought, would merely breed gangsterism of the fascist kind after the war. He did not deny that any form of air attack must involve civilian tragedy, but he was emphatic that it was neither just nor wise to make civilian casualties an objective.

The second thing is the new respect these grave days have given me for the common people. It is not only their fundamental courage and inherent decency; it is not only, also, their amazing power of recovery and adaptation. The number of little people who in crisis display gifts of leadership is only surpassed by the number in whom crisis brings out the power of generosity. Those who are skeptical of the democratic way of life ought to go through three days of air raids in which the people have to cope with their horrors through institutions they work themselves. They will then know as sharply as I do that the enemy of democracy is the enemy of mankind.

Conscientious Objectors

BY ROGER N. BALDWIN

PROVISION for conscientious objectors under the recently enacted Military Service bill falls short of the liberal measure advocated by the Quakers and other agencies. It does not include non-religious objectors and does not permit total exemption for any man. But what failed to be written into the law may yet be achieved by regulation. Even the War Department officials responsible for the draft regulations have stated privately that they favor an interpretation of the provisions generous enough to exempt, as in the World War, all genuine objectors whether religious, humanitarian, or political. Though the World War provision for objectors was narrowly written to include only members of "well-recognized religious sects historically opposed to war," it was in practice extended by regulation to include even members of the I. W. W., Socialists, anarchists, and, indeed, Irishmen who objected to fighting in a war on England's side.

The measure advocated by the Quakers and others was almost identical with the provisions now in effect in Great Britain, where the whole issue of conscientious objection has been handled without the conflict which marked the World War. So far as the records show, not a single man found to be a genuine objector has been sent to prison. Non-combatant service in the army or civilian service outside has been provided for the majority; about 10 per cent have been exempted from any service; and political objectors have been treated on precisely the same basis as religious.

Congress, however, fearful that Communists and German-American Nazis might take advantage of too liberal a provision for objectors, refused to extend a definition which recognizes only those who "by reason of religious training and belief are conscientiously opposed to participation in war in any form." Even in peace time Congress could not be induced to be as generous as Britain is in war time, though in the hearings before the Military Affairs committees of both houses not a single voice was raised against the proposed provisions and an impressive array of witnesses supported them.

Congressional fears of leaving a loophole for Communists and German-American Nazis are, I believe, un-

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founded. The Communists, despite their opposition to conscription, have already advised their members to obey the law and enter the army here as they have in other countries. German-American sympathizers with Hitler and Irish-Catholic followers of Father Coughlin, though opposed to the draft, will raise no issue of conscience. The conflict between conscience and conscription will revolve around the religious objector who refuses all service and the comparatively few Socialist, anarchist, and "ethical" objectors.

The present Military Service Act is an improvement upon the World War Draft Act in that conscientious objectors are to be dealt with outside the army. They first declare themselves in a questionnaire to be filled out after registration and then get a hearing by the local draft board. Those found to be genuine objectors may be assigned either to non-combatant service in the army or, if they refuse any military service, to "work of national importance under civilian direction." In the World War, under a similar provision, objectors were furloughed from the army to farm work under civilian direction or to work with the Quakers abroad. Similar assignments are doubtless now contemplated.

Men who refuse even civilian service will inevitably be prosecuted and will face penalties potentially more severe than in the World War. The maximum prison term for a man tried in the civil courts for refusing to obey the Draft Act in the World War was one year; under the Military Service Act it is five years, with a fine up to $10,000. It is possible that some at least of those who refuse all service may be assigned to the work they are doing if such work is regarded as of "national importance." That has been done in England, and it offers a means of breaking the impasse between some of the "absolutists" and the government. High officials in the War Department are quoted as saying that they wish the act to be so administered that no genuine objector will be sent to prison.

All objectors dissatisfied with a local board's ruling and those who refuse all service will have the right of appeal to the regional appeals boards. These boards will refer all appeals to the Department of Justice, which will investigate and give a hearing to each objector. Just how the machinery of the department will operate is not yet known, but efforts are being made to prevent the FBI from handling such a delicate task as searching a man's conscience. The department's recommendations to an appeals board are only advisory. In each case the decision of the appeals board is final, unless the President can be induced to intervene. Efforts are being made to secure the appointment by the President of a special national board on conscientious objectors, limiting the discretion of the appeals boards, since only some central authority thoroughly familiar with the varieties of conscience can insure uniform and just treatment. It would be an injustice, for example, to have members of Jehovah's Witnesses considered insincere in one area and exempted as genuine religious objectors in another.

If the decision of the appeals board is against an objector, he will be notified by his local draft board to report for physical examination preparatory to induction into the army. If he then refuses he will be subject to trial in the civil courts. If he should take the physical examination and pass it he would be eligible for military service, and as soon as he took the oath required on induction into the army, would come under the jurisdiction of a military court martial. Refusal to comply at that point or with any subsequent order would subject him to the almost limitless penalties of a military court.

Most objectors obviously will be tried in civil courts; among these will be those who refuse to obey any order of a local draft board, whether they are adjudged sincere objectors or not, and those who refuse to comply with the requirements for registration. It is known that a considerable number of men, including some of the most obviously sincere religious objectors, will refuse to register on the prescribed forms and merely notify the local draft boards of their names and addresses so as not to be confused with draft-dodgers. Since refusal to fill out the forms is a violation of law, these men will almost certainly be prosecuted. Thus at the very beginning of the draft there will be held those trials for conscience which the administration seems anxious to avoid, and the civil courts will be confronted with the unwelcome duty of creating martyrs for principle. Washington officials have stated that men who refuse to register will be leniently treated and have even suggested that registration by others in their behalf might be accepted, but refusal to give any information except name, age, and address will make prosecution almost inevitable. While objectors will have no formal opportunity to state their position until they are reached by questionnaires in the process of calling men up, many intend to indicate it by writing "conscientious objector" on the margin of their registration cards. Such a notation, even though outside the information specified, is not a violation of law.

The prospective number of objectors, by any estimate, will be small. Most of them, as in the World War, will be members of pacifist religious sects. And most of them will accept non-combatant service in the army or work of national importance under civilian direction. In the World War 65,000 out of more than 3,000,000 drafted men registered as conscientious objectors with the draft boards, but only 4,000 so declared themselves after arriving at a military camp, and less than 500 were court-martialed for refusing all service or as insincere. In England, in the present war, of 3,500,000 men registered for service up to June 1 only 48,000 declared themselves conscientious objectors. Of 16,000 whose cases came before the tribunals, all but a small percentage

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that were granted total exemption accepted some form of service under conscription.

The task of distinguishing the genuine conscientious objectors from the draft-evaders will be a difficult one. In the World War this delicate probe into sincerity was conducted by a special board appointed by the Secretary of War, composed of Harlan F. Stone, now Justice of the Supreme Court, Judge Julian W. Mack, and an army officer. This board went about the country interviewing men segregated at military camps. Their decisions as to whether a man should be treated as a genuine objector or as a "slacker" were final. The records show that a few men will pretend to conscientious scruples to secure their personal safety or convenience, but that their resistance is easily worn down and their pretense exposed. In England 20 per cent of the objectors examined up to June 1 were classed as not bona fide and were ordered into the army.

When men of unfamiliar and apparently inconsistent views come before the boards that will judge the validity of their scruples, some injustice may be done. Consistency will be demanded by agents of the government; complete consistency can rarely be furnished by objectors. The Christian pacifists will be perhaps most easily understood, though Jehovah's Witnesses will be a problem, as they were in the World War. Men whose conscientious objections rest upon loyalty to humanity, to the international working class, and to political philosophies that seem "un-American" are the most likely to be unfairly treated.

Legal aid to conscientious objectors will be rendered by the American Civil Liberties Union in all cases in which injustice appears and in appeals to the regional boards. The Union will not aid men prosecuted for refusing to identify themselves on registration day, though it may aid those prosecuted for refusing to fill out the prescribed forms. It advises all objectors who desire to be treated as such to comply fully with registration requirements and to state plainly their views. Conscientious objectors will also be aided by the leading Protestant agencies, not only the denominations historically opposed to war but others as well. The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America has established a National Committee on Conscientious Objectors; the Quakers, Mennonites, and other pacifist sects have their committees; and the Fellowship of Reconciliation in New York City has established a National Board of Conscientious Objectors to furnish information and advice.

Not until the Department of Justice announces the personnel of its investigating agency, and until we know whether a central reviewing body is to be created, shall we be able to tell just how liberal the administration of the law will be, what burden the private agencies will carry, or how well the government will be able to resolve the historic conflict between conscience and military conscription.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Three Per Cent and No Risk

SO FAR the defense program has brought surprisingly little new business to the banks. Since May almost all the indices of economic activity have advanced rapidly, but the aggregate of Federal Reserve member banks' commercial, industrial, and agricultural loans, which was $4,394,000,000 on May 22, had risen by September 18 only to $4,578,000,000. On the other hand, during the period June 25 through September 18 the Reconstruction Finance Corporation authorized loans and commitments in connection with the National Defense program totaling no less than $558,959,990. Of this sum $338,250,000 had been made available to four subsidiary corporations formed to carry out special defense tasks, such as the building up of reserve supplies of rubber and strategic metals. The remaining $220,709,990 represented advances to private corporations, ranging in magnitude from $92,000,000 to $6,000.

The energy with which Jesse Jones has been employing the resources of the RFC in furtherance of the defense program has not added to his popularity with his former comrades in the American Bankers' Association. At the recent annual convention of this body at Atlantic City many speakers hinted that the patriotic willingness of the banks to shoulder loans in the country's service was being ignored. It may well be asked why this anxious ability to lend, at a time when there is a real demand for money to expand defense industries, has left no perceptible mark on the balance sheets of most banks. The answer is that the cooperation of the banks with the government, like that of many industrialists, is conditioned on the elimination of all risk. The point is made clear by an example quoted in the *Wall Street Journal* of September 3:

> Last week representatives of a leading aircraft company were in New York talking with their bankers about a loan to build new plants. The bank was willing to loan the money on the general credit of the company. The company was unwilling to do that, holding that such a step would place an unfair risk on the shoulders of the company's stockholders. The bank's view that without this general credit backing the depositors' money could not be risked.

Escape from impasses of this kind are now provided by a form of contract devised by the National Defense Advisory Committee. Used when a plant or new facilities are found to be necessary for the defense program, this is essentially an agreement by the government to pay, as part of the cost of the materials which it is to obtain from the new plant, the total cost of the plants. These payments will be paid in five annual instalments, and under the amortization clauses of the Excess Profits Act the recipient is able to write them off as a depreciation allowance before calculating his taxable profits. A contract of this kind takes care of the manufacturer's risk pretty effectively and might, one would think, warrant even a conservative banker in making a term loan repayable in five annual instalments.

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The bankers, however, are not yet satisfied, for under present law such contracts cannot be assigned as collateral and hence are regarded, in the jargon of the profession, as not "bankable." To meet this objection a bill has been introduced permitting the assignment of claims against the government. This has already passed the House and is expected to receive the approval of the Senate shortly. Once this bill becomes law, William S. Knudsen declared recently, "I believe that manufacturers needing to expand their plants on account of the defense program should have no trouble in obtaining funds for construction promptly and at low rates of interest through their usual banking channels."

There are signs, however, of new difficulties, for according to the *Wall Street Journal* some banks are alarmed by Mr. Knudsen's reference to a low rate of interest. They are said to believe that 3 per cent would be about right, but the government has a much more modest figure in view. And rightly, for since the desire of the banks for the avoidance of risk is being met to the extent of giving the proposed loans an effective government guaranty, there is no reason why they should earn more than on government paper of comparable maturity. This indicates a rate of 1½ percent at the most, and anything paid over that will be an unnecessary tribute to the bankers and an unwarranted addition to the cost of the defense program.

An amusing incident at the American Bankers' Association convention was the failure, once again, of A. P. Giannini, chairman of the Bank of America, to secure the election of his candidate for second vice-president. This position is important because it leads directly to the presidency two years hence. The two contenders were W. L. Hemingway, president of the Mercantile-Commerce Bank and Trust Company of St. Louis, and Russell G. Smith, executive vice-president of the Bank of America, N. T. and S. A. When it was clear that his chances were nil, Mr. Smith withdrew from the contest, whereupon his chief exploded: "I do not know what prompted his withdrawal, but I do know that certain sycophantic satellites of the most arbitrary and bureaucratic departments of the federal government have been perniciously active lest the bank . . . which is linked with my name be given appropriate recognition."

The real reason for Mr. Smith's lack of appeal for the convention is much less sinister than that attributed by Mr. Giannini in his alliterative wrath. It is that the Bank of America not only is the biggest branch banking house in the country but carries on a vigorous propaganda for the legal extension of branch banking. A large number of the convention delegates, on the other hand, were stout adherents of unit banking, believing, in the words of one speaker, that "widespread branch banking . . . is clearly in violation of that principle of division of powers which runs through our governmental and economic setup designed to preserve the vital liberties of our people." No doubt Mr. Giannini thought it bad policy to mention the real cause of his defeat, and since he was angry and had to hit somebody he chose to lash out at the federal government, which to his mind has been unduly curious about the activities of his financial octopus. Since his fellow-bankers knew what had bitten him, I doubt that he won much sympathy.

In the Wind

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO this column reported that anti-Willkieites were preparing to use a blast which McNary delivered against the G. O. P. candidate some years ago. The story came from a source that has always been reliable, but on further inquiries no such document has been found—despite a search by Democratic Party publicity men. The editors of *The Nation* therefore withdraw the story and apologize.

OTTO TOLISCHUS, the New York *Times* correspondent who won a Pulitzer prize for his coverage of Germany, has been telling New York dinner parties that France's fall was all due to the Popular Front and Léon Blum. He is also taking shots at Pierre Cot for not building up air production. Several guests have done some heckling.

HEADLINE IN the *Journal of Commerce:* "New Deal Failure on Farm Program Charged by Willkie." The subhead: "Favors Conservation, Loans, Credit System, Electrification, Crop Insurance."

WHEN NEW YORK society convened at the Monte Carlo opening and gave the proceeds to the Funds for France committee, a group of young men identified with the William Allen White committee picketed outside. As they marched up and down, a group in evening dress entered the building and one beautiful lady pointed sourly at the picket: "They might at least have dressed."

NOEL COWARD, who is in New York working for the British government, has told intimates that he still fears appeasement maneuvers in Britain. But he is opposed to any airing of the subject and thinks British sentiment will prevent any deals.

A NEWSPAPERMAN who covered the Spanish war told friends recently of a talk he had with Del Vayo during the conflict. The Spanish minister said he had just conferred with French and British officials and urged them to send military missions to study German tactics in Spain, but the invitation had been politely rejected.

REPUBLICAN HEADQUARTERS were divided about whether to publish the list of "labor leaders" supporting Willkie. With only fourteen signatories and half of them local ones, there was some pressure to drop the whole matter. It was finally issued, however.

J. WARREN MADDEN is now almost certain to be reappointed chairman of the NLRB. Inside sources say that the President had hoped to let Congress adjourn first and is still delaying because it is in session, but that the decision is made.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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EW YORK, N. Y.

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A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

HE DID come home again. His last book has been published now, and the critics recognize that this, like the others, is vitally alive and complain still about his sprawling looseness of structure. They are grateful but by no means content, which maybe is what critics ought to be. But Tom Wolfe's last chapter, which would suffer from the same fault, has not been written. It won't be.

"Only Tom's hand reaching from the grave could adequately chronicle that day," a wise Asheville woman wrote me about his funeral, which we saw together. "And wouldn't he have enjoyed it!"

Of course, as Tom himself has told us, you can't go back to the picture in your memory, which never was anything but a picture in your dreams. But Tom proved, too, that there is no more escape than returning.

As pall-bearer I looked at him lying against the crinkly undertaker's satin in the Dixieland tourist home in Asheville. If they had not told me I would not have known that after he died a wigmaker had to make a wig for him to be dead in. They told me that there had not been in Baltimore a coffin big enough for him. The oversized one that had to be assembled in New York filled half the front room of the old boarding-house, under the long cracks in the yellow plaster ceiling. He was home.

"Those melancholy cracks in the yellow plaster looking down at him!" my friend said. "I know he fled from those cracks, and there he lay helpless while they triumphed over him."

I am not sure. I am not even sure I know what triumph is. But in little cities you can see a tribe. The matriarch stood beside the coffin of the man. She was both the mother Tom put in the book and the living woman who seemed to have walked out of it. Tearless and strong, she stayed through the morning and talked, as one to whom the realities of living and dying are alike unterrifying, about the operation on Tom's brain. The brothers were there in the house where the brother Ben had died. The sister Tom loved most of all, who had nursed him across the continent on those roaring trains he loved too, was there—vigorous and talkative and overwhelmed together. She did not go to the funeral. "I went out with a bang," she told me.

All of them were not only Wolfes, tremendously alive, they were also Gants out of the book, utterly true. Tom had come home to them.

A great many flowers came from far away, but not many people. Professor Frederick H. Koch was there almost desperately determined that he must find violets to send to the funeral from the Carolina Playmakers, because Tom had mentioned violets in a Playmakers play. Clifford Odets had been, I think, in Tennessee and came over the mountains. Max Perkins, who had been Tom's first and great editor, stood on the edge of the funeral party like a man hurt and as lonely as the very spirit of Tom's books.

The rest of us were a part of Tom's native land. Three of us were pall-bearers who had been with Tom on a party at my house not many months before. In my closet there's still a quarter-bottle of an American absinthe Tom had picked up in New Orleans. There were Asheville people—a few bewildered and uncertain ones, some boarders in the house, people of the big Gant-Wolfe tribe; and there were thousands who stayed away and hardly knew he was dead. But there were enough to fill the Presbyterian Church and to make it look like the funeral of a prominent local insurance man. I remember there was a smooth young preacher. We sang lusty hymns. And then there was the old preacher who knew Tom was saved because he had always come to call on him when he was in Asheville.

The coffin was heavy. There was a steep terrace up to the lot in the cemetery, and we cut the turf on it with our shoes. Some of us went back to the hotel afterward and had some drinks. And I tell the truth that we were strangely gay. All of us wished that Tom could have been there and told us about the people who were at his funeral and who helped make it the funeral of a small city's son, son accepted, son forgiven, son somehow saved for the Presbyterian Church. But it was a magnificent day. In the late afternoon sun there was mist on the mountains, or perhaps it was smoke from the noisy trains which run down the valley of the French Broad.

They will let him rest there. Some critics in the cities may still prod him in his grave. Two years dead, they still want him to be something that he never was, something more disciplined and precise. They rejoice in his strength and power, the formless eloquence and the roving force. But they ask for other things still. In Asheville not many people even understand such things. But they let him sleep and that may be home. It isn't anywhere else.

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THE LAST OF YEATS

BY MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

THE tragedy of the poet who dies young is an accepted tradition of martyrdom and heroism in the mythology of literature. It thrives with all the benefits of rarity, moral indignation, and potentialities that remain safely undecided in the pathos of speculation. The tragedy of the poet who dies old is another story—commonplace, human, and seldom inspiring. It too is a matter of common acceptance, but chiefly as evidence on the ways of human compromise, or as a source of grim satisfaction to the laity who look to the frustrations of genius for consolation in their own defeats. Even in cases of popularly successful talent reaction can make the old age of art a bitter experience in isolation and lonely endurance. If a poet placates or defeats the enemies that contrive the martyrdom of a young genius—social hostility, moral conventions, practical necessity—his success carries the odium of a truce. A Goethe, Hardy, or Yeats is allowed to rely on none of the arguments that make the silencing of a Keats, Pushkin, or Rimbaud heroic. Every deviation he shows from consistency or organic maturity is held suspect as a mark of eccentricity or imposture. *"Peu de gens savent être vieux"*: a poet is usually dishonored not only when he fails to learn but when he tries.

Yeats's long life and achievement have not lacked recognition during the past twenty years, but it seems to be the thing once more to hold his career in renewed skepticism, to discount his struggle with modern life, and to diminish his spiritual ordeal to "the quarrel he made with himself." He is written down as an exotic by-product of the major European tradition. His peak was unquestionably reached in "The Tower" and "The Winding Stair," and Mr. Leavis was right recently in noting in the "Last Poems" * an inferiority of organization, a weakening of the positives of "sensual music" and "monuments of unaging intellect" that created the subtle and majestic tension of "Sailing to Byzantium." But even he underestimated the fact that Yeats wrote for over a decade after that poem's appearance and was constitutionally unwilling to make it an end-stop of his art or to accept the common definition of the moment in life at which organization should be permanently established. What is more confusing is that this skepticism has shifted from Yeats's artistry and thought to his character. Mr. Auden, reducing Yeats's gift to one of diction and word-magic ("always more concerned with whether or not a phrase sounded effective than with the truth of its idea or the honesty of its emotion") and impugning him for an "utter lack of effort to relate his aesthetic *Weltanschauung* with that of science," has denied him the refuge of selfhood itself, that "foul rag-and-bone shop of the heart" to which the desertion of his masks and legends finally abandoned him. Mr. MacNeice, reviving the notion that the public considered Yeats "safe because he was an exotic" and that "his ingredients became odder and odder," has lately emphasized the idea that Yeats's temperament was dominantly histrionic, veering between aristocratic sympathies and a "praise of war" falsely inferred from his envy of "lust and rage," and failing in his reaction against the aesthetic servility of his youth because of a "constitutional inhumanity." There may be an echo in this of the recent talk about Yeats's "unconscious fascism"; he has provoked and survived these shifts of veneration and skepticism before. But when the complex integrity of his whole career, his passionate sense of the conflict between art and life, and his hard-won insights are thus reduced to the shreds of moral analysis—when, indeed, we hear of a young English poet's verdict that he was "a bad old man"—we begin to feel that his critics are not a thousand miles removed from the musician who once wrote him: "You should have heard my setting of your 'Innisfree' as it was sung in the open here by two thousand Boy Scouts."

Yeats made his life and art vulnerable to accusations of vanity and instability because he combined the exorbitant self-consciousness of his post-romantic generation with continuous efforts to resist the confines of his age and its hostile abstractions of science and society, which to him spelled the blight not only of poetry but of the personal life. He is, superficially viewed, the major escapist of modern literature. His first flight was from the moral and scientific determinism of the eighties (Ibsen, Tyndall, Huxley) to the mysteries of legend and poetic symbolism as the Irish myths, Pater, and Paris taught them. His induction into these rites ("traditional sanctity and loveliness") was barely achieved when the disgust and reaction of an intense personal crisis drove him, in the middle nineties, to nationalism and Irish political culture. This extroversion enriched his style and energies at the cost of convincing him of the enmity of popular emotions to art and idealism, and of the sacrifice of human worth that even the noblest heroism entails. ("Did that play of mine send out Certain men the English shot?") He turned again: to abstractions of "pure mind" in the quietism of India; from these to Balzac's aggressive principle and the compulsions of human personality as shown by the Blakean symbolism of the Great Wheel; from the Wheel, intractably altering its phases in the successive editions of "A Vision," back to the simplest elements of folk nature as they exist in ballad and martial chant. The last phase of all, final in its isolated austerity, was his inescapable retreat to the secret courage of the heart, where, bereft of his "circus animals" and no longer transfigured as "character isolated by a deed," he faced his fundamental identity as a man. In that confrontation he found, as Baudelaire had done before him,

* "Last Poems and Plays." By W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.
"Letters on Poetry from W. B. Yeats to Dorothy Wellesley." Oxford University Press. $2.50.

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his highest realism and his severest passion as a lyric poet.

To demand that a career as bred in conflict as this, exposing itself with this courage and refusing the protective mandates of moral or political orthodoxy, should emerge with no exaggeration of personality or with its passionate sense of hostilities "organized" into a perfectly lucid balance, is to go beyond the scale of human merit. Yeats's whole animus derives from his hatred of such mandates, of the tyranny of abstraction. The travail of his people's soul meant less to him, when it hardened into ignorant persecution, than the suffering and death of Synge. The rough justice of modern warfare collapsed into ignominious baseness when the punishing of treason meant that Casement's character must be officially slandered and an unpopular man be denied "his last refuge—Martyrdom." It is true that Yeats's insistence, in his last poems, on his isolation, his scorn of complacency, and his prolonged virility suggests the failure of another balance, that of personal certitude. Excesses of protest and self-justification betray a kind of spiritual paranoia, and like common cases of paranoia that exist this side of insanity, they derive from an uneasy conscience or a defect of courage. The pride and contempt in Yeats's later manner are continuously harassed by this persecuting sense of guilt. "Lust and Rage" were his goads to the end. He was never able to rise to the serenity of a grand old age. But it is a question if the true poet ever should—if a restlessness of vision and the continuous distress of human sympathies are not more important. "I got sleepy & tired & spent my day in bed and thought of my soul," he wrote Dorothy Wellesley in 1936. "Then I noticed that every time I thought of my soul I used some second-hand phrase & knew by that that I was thinking of my soul from ambition & vanity. I said to myself, 'Your job is to avoid deep places & to die blaspheming' & I got well at once."

The "Last Poems" revive the full range of Yeats's personae and symbols. Their oppositions are fixed in peasant character or political action and in the timeless and indifferent superiority of aesthetic and ideal absolutes: here in love, gallantry, wickedness, faith, sensual delight and misery, and self-reckless courage as embodied in "High Talk" and "Hound Voices," the martyrs of 1916, the tragedies of Parnell and Casement, in O'Rahilly, Colonel Martin, John Kinsella, lady and chambermaid; there in "Beautiful Lofty Things," the arrested image of perfection in the bronze head of a museum ("As though a sterner eye looked through her eye On this foul world in its decline and fall"), in a memory of Maud Gonne ("Pallas Athene in that straight back and arrogant head"), in the eternal figure of a young girl. It has been said that in later life Yeats turned only to the simplest or most complex things, scorning all middle grounds, but the truth is that simple and complex things existed for him only in a state of constant attraction and repulsion, of continuous interdependence, and that this oscillation of qualities made all reality a complex middle ground of polarities, refusing simplification and dreading the purity of abstract synthesis. His humanism is that of Hopkins:

> No angel insight can
> Learn how the heart is hence:
> Since all the make of man
> Is law's indifference.

It is right to ascribe to Yeats an obsession by dialectic. His oppositions play restlessly and imperatively against one another, but the antithesis is never resolved. It was his special role as man and poet to represent that inexhaustible tension and irresolution in all its meanings.

His letters to Dorothy Wellesley show that it kept him alive and writing to the end, the source of his energy and delight. As a poet's letters they are completely without pompous authority or didactic benevolence, and also without the intense critical observations that appear in the letters of Keats, Hopkins, or Rilke. They form an annotation of his last years and his last poems, and for what she did to spur Yeats, by a sensitive talent and apparently by physical attraction, to his last work, Dorothy Wellesley will hold her part in his history. The letters show no easy tranquillity, no flattering satisfaction of mind or achievement, and also little power of piercing with a phrase or an insight. Their wisdom is agitated. In this they reflect the last poems. Of these only a small number are in Yeats's richest manner ("A Bronze Head," "To D. W.," "The Statues," "John Kinsella's Lament," "Politics," "Under Ben Bulben," "The Circus Animals' Desertion," and the two Casement ballads). The others are often marginal or echoes of earlier work. Yeats lacked the anguish of extreme penetration as Hopkins knew it; his rhetorical habit and symbolist derivations deprived him of that "terrible pathos." He lacked on the other hand a mastery of critical organization, of condensing allegory and controlled vision as it appears in Rilke, Eliot, or Stevens. The antinomies were always too close to him. His last two plays show an exaggeration of disgust that makes them dramatically flaccid through their excess of anti-human revulsion. Lyrics like "Sweet Dancer" and "The Wild Wicked Old Man" revive the simple pathos of his earliest years. The grand manner and the naive, the terror and the pathos of beauty, were never completely harmonized in his thought. What Goethe managed to achieve in the "West Oestlicher Divan" is never fully arrived at. But Yeats shows us anew—he is perhaps the only modern British poet to do so—what Mann has recently reminded us of in Goethe: of how the ideal of aesthetic autonomy must be constantly forced out of superiority or abstraction by the "Antaean compensation" of the earth. Yeats lacked Goethe's intellectual and moral capacities, but he is Goethe's superior as a lyric poet by the fact that art and earth were never separated in his life or verse: they exist by their mutual inadequacy. It is in their complementary necessity that they enter his poetry, bringing the full realism of the lyric experience and giving his work its emotional validity and its unflagging beauty as song.

If this realism, and its power to illuminate human struggle and aspiration, is to stand convicted of "constitutional inhumanity," the question is, What kind of humanity do we want? Yeats lived in an age that gave him opportunities to see all types of human energy and ambition at work. He found reasons to be edified and enlightened by few of them. He had no taste for prophetic or moral arrogance; he saw that no one can be blinder than a self-sufficient artist; he saw that no one can be crueler than the common man. He summoned men into a society, an order, where aristocrats of spirit might give the ignorant a standard to live by, but where the passionate and the miserable also give the proud

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a reason to be humble. This was his conception of the artist's mediation, and he not only used the historic opportunities that came his way to make that mediation active, but gave his own nature over to the learning of the lesson. As Mr. MacNeice says, Yeats assuredly provides no occasion for "irresponsible gibes or zany gush." He provides rather an occasion for learning the meaning of the present moment in history, not from frenzied oracles and spokesmen of righteousness, but from the agony and truth of self-knowledge extended to a knowledge of humanity. This was for him the true source of energy and fortitude:

> All things fall and are built again,
> And those that build them again are gay.

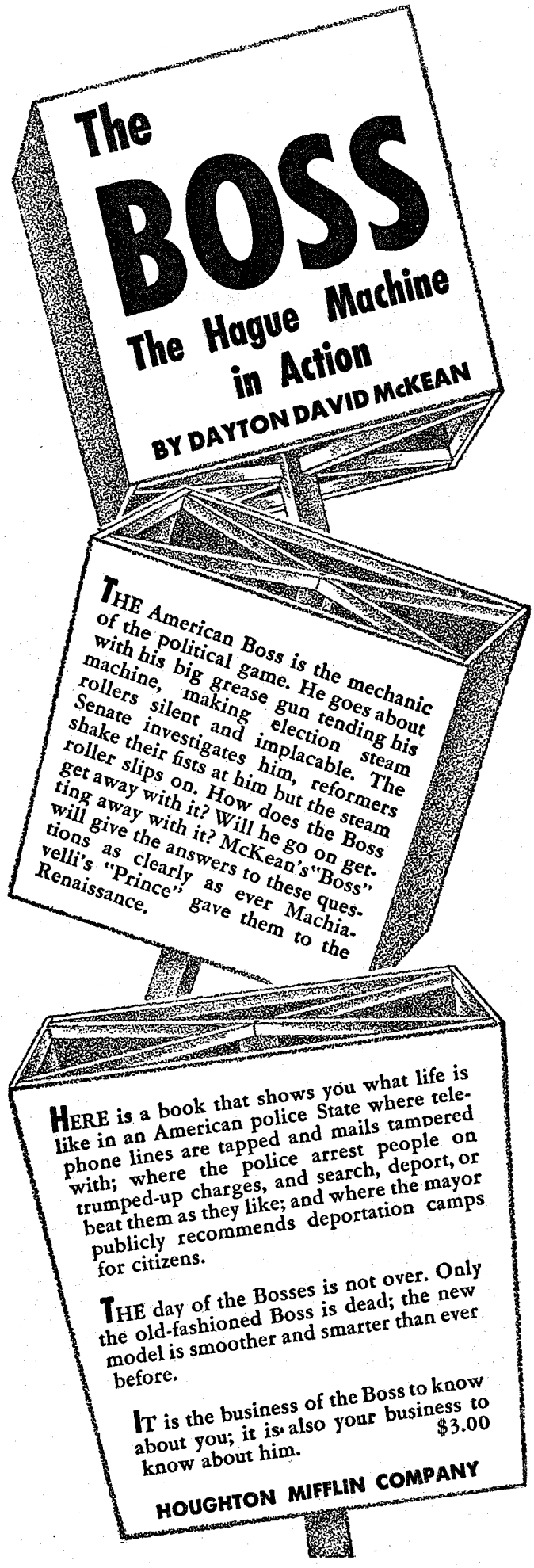
Yeats took forty years to learn what Lady Gregory meant when she taught him Aristotle's maxim: "To think like a wise man but to express oneself like the common people." It took the endurances of his troubled career to justify his epitaph: "Cast a cold eye, On life, on death." In 1937 he wrote: "I have recovered a power of moving the common man I had in my youth. The poems I can write now will go into the general memory." A month before his death he said: "I do nothing but write verse."

Notes by the Way

IT IS no small tribute to James Farrell's powers as a novelist that to readers of his books the place name Chicago stands for the world of Studs Lonigan; that this world is so complete and tangible that it forms a part not only of our libraries but of our experience; and finally that it represents one important segment of American urban life. In the trilogy "Studs Lonigan" Mr. Farrell did more than this. Dealing with a social and human setting from which a lesser writer would have extracted only pathos he succeeded in creating a character whose conflict with his universe produced genuine tragedy.

This achievement could not but seem the fulfilment of a phase, major to be sure, in the development of an important novelist, particularly since Farrell had presented the given milieu so thoroughly in the documentary sense that it did not need to be done again and, more important, had projected in Studs Lonigan what seemed not only one of many possible characters but *the* character who embodied most dramatically the essential elements-in-conflict of a setting that is, after all, limited. This is not to say that Mr. Farrell should have tried to make another milieu as thoroughly his own as that of the Lonigan trilogy. Such an attempt would in any case be futile. What the reader demanded was not a change of setting but a progress in conception.

In his second series of books, of which the third has just been published ("Father and Son," Vanguard Press, $2.75), Mr. Farrell has been unfolding the story of the boyhood and youth of Danny O'Neill, a character quite different from Studs Lonigan. Danny, growing up, and his father Jim are the central characters of the present book; the minor ones are drawn from Danny's family and that of his mother, the O'Flahertys. The characters are fully realized; the family life of the O'Neills and the O'Flahertys is presented in that solu-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tion of pervading tenderness which marks Mr. Farrell's work as a whole. In itself, "Father and Son," though far too long, is impressive. It suffers, however, by the inevitable comparison with "Studs Lonigan." It lacks the intensity and dramatic force of that trilogy and moves at a slower pace. In relation to Studs, even the main characters in "Father and Son" seem minor, and we are so familiar by this time with the tone and texture of life in Farrell's Chicago that his unrestrained presentation of it seems repetitious and superfluous. Similarly, one feels that his main characters are at times submerged by their very documentation, and for me at least the drawing of Danny's mother Lizz is sharper and more satisfying than that of Danny and Jim, who are much more thoroughly blocked in. The world Mr. Farrell pictures is so real, so circumstantial, that one loses the sense of reading a book; but that is to say, as well, that one loses the sense of a shaping hand.

So far then, in this second series, documentation wins over distillation. But the character chosen by Mr. Farrell as its hero at least suggests that he is making the same demand as his readers. Danny O'Neill is a shy, sensitive boy who might well be the young James Farrell. He is the boy who in "The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan" promises himself that he will one day write a book. If the destiny of Danny, in later volumes, is to become a writer, we may expect an attempt at a synthesis far broader and deeper than any Farrell has made so far. Whether he can fulfil the requirement of the first-rate novelist to be poet and philosopher as well, still remains to be seen.

IF YOU'D give a dollar, in the old American phrase, to know what Anne Morrow Lindbergh thinks of it all, in view of her husband's speech at Soldier Field, you may buy her article-in-stiff-covers, "The Wave of the Future" (Harcourt, Brace, $1). You will find the Lindbergh thesis stated in the "poetic" terms of a sensitive schoolgirl who doesn't know much about economics and politics but knows what she feels. Her feeling is that the war is part of a vast revolution, that the leaders of Germany and Italy and Russia have "felt the wave of the future and they have leapt upon it. The evils we deplore in these systems are not in themselves the future; they are scum on the wave of the future." As for America, "the wave of the future is coming and there is no fighting it. What is our course to be? Shall we leave our own troubles and crusade abroad?" Mrs. Lindbergh would have us stay at home and work out our own solution in our own way. "It should be possible to change an old life to a new without such terrible bloodshed as we see today in the process in Europe." It may, she says, "mean sacrifice of selfish interest; it may mean giving up part of the ease of living and the high material standards we have been noted for. But it might also mean a heightening of more important standards . . . a gain in spirit, in vigor, and in self-reliance. . . ."

When a Socialist argues that we should stay out of the war and put our own house in order, we know what he means by order and we respect his point of view. When the wife of Charles Lindbergh talks of a gain in spiritual values, and particularly when her only specific remark about the new life is one about lowering our standards of living, we have a right to be suspicious of what she means by "reform." Vagueness plus left phrases equals demagogy. "Nazism is invincible" plus "we must give up your high standard of living" equals appeasement. These are big bad words to use in connection with Mrs. Lindbergh's genteel essay, but I let them stand.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT also talks of reform and sacrifice in her short book "The Moral Basis of Democracy" (Howell, Soskin, $1.50), but the words have a different ring. On the basis of the record of at least twenty years we know what Mrs. Roosevelt means by reform. The sacrifice she asks of every citizen is the time and energy to decide what he believes and, if he believes in democracy, the further time and energy necessary for actual participation in its processes. Mrs. Roosevelt is even more concerned with spiritual values than Mrs. Lindbergh, but there is no talk of lowering living standards. On the contrary, "We must maintain a standard of living which makes it possible for the people really to want justice for all, rather than to harbor a secret hope for privileges because they cannot hope for justice."

JEROME WEIDMAN, author of "I Can Get It for You Wholesale," has written in "Letter of Credit" (Simon and Schuster, $2.75) a sardonic and amusing account of a hard-boiled but very provincial New Yorker's trip around the world in the ominous pre-war months of 1939. The sense of impending catastrophe haunts the book, and serves to point up the characterizations of the people Mr. Weidman met from London to Singapore. These character sketches, as might be expected, are the best things in the book. Those who have traveled long distances alone will also appreciate Mr. Weidman's acute descriptions of the dismal moments in every solitary traveler's progress when he wonders why on earth he ever left home.

I FIND the first issue of *Common Ground* a little solemn in format and content. This is the quarterly magazine to be issued by the Common Council for American Unity. The Council's purposes are to promote "the unity and mutual understanding resulting from common citizenship" and "the acceptance of all citizens, whatever their national or racial origins, as equal partners in American society," and to increase appreciation of what each group has contributed to America. These are high purposes, but it seems to me that *Common Ground* would be more effective if it were cast in popular form. There is not a picture in its hundred or more pages of solid type, though the country is fairly alive with artists of foreign extraction who should be more than willing to cooperate. It has an impressive list of contributors and many of the articles and stories are excellent; but it is so tightly packed as to be a little forbidding. I may have been spoiled by *Life* but I hope future issues of *Common Ground* will be less grave and more gay.

"YOU KNOW what the Germans did in Paris?" said the prosperous looking gentleman. "People with safety-deposit boxes had to turn over their keys to the Germans and the Germans stole everything." He paused. "That's something to keep in mind. If anything happens in this country, you go right down and get the stuff out of your safe-deposit box."

MARGARET MARSHALL

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The Master of Strawberry Hill

HORACE WALPOLE: A BIOGRAPHY. By R. W. Ketton-Cremer. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.

REFERENCES to Horace Walpole are usually condescending—or worse—even when his talents and his achievements are being recognized. That is no doubt partly because Macaulay made him the subject of one of his recklessly memorable portraits but also partly because the reasons for Macaulay's distaste have operated pretty generally. Even dilettantes do not usually reserve their greatest admiration for others like themselves, and Horace was always a dilettante even though he was an unusually industrious and capable one. The very fact that he was the exquisite son of a rough and powerful father counts against him. So also does the fact that he was an incorrigible amateur who probably felt that there was a kind of professional competence which a gentleman must avoid acquiring—just as Chesterfield felt the necessity of warning his godson against playing the fiddle too well. All his tastes were minor; they were for decoration and bibelots and curiosities, for historical paradoxes, and antiquarian anecdotes, and contemporary gossip. With some justification a neighbor called Strawberry Hill a "Gothic mousetrap," and though the fact is hardly to be charged against Horace as an individual, any eighteenth-century gentleman who went in for collecting even a cabinet of curios was likely to produce something which looked like a faint anticipation of one of Mr. Ripley's Odditoriums. But Horace's enthusiasm for the Gothic was probably genuine and influential even though his taste was not so very far ahead of that of the times, and he did leave a carefully planned epistolary record of his age which is universally recognized to be able, informative, and delightful.

Mr. Ketton-Cremer's biography is in part frankly a rehabilitation, and within the limits of what it attempts it is highly successful. Horace's faults and absurdities are freely admitted, as is the dominance in him of those tastes and qualities which are commonly called feminine. "He gossiped with old ladies for days on end; he was fond of china and goldfish and little dogs; he committed every architectural absurdity in the building and adornment of his house; he once stuck sweet peas in his hair and sang to a roomful of dowagers at their card tables." He could also on occasion exhibit pettiness and spite which, unlike the pettiness and spite of most people, are the subjects of permanent record. All these things are doubtless sufficient to rule him out as a hero; in fact, a man who deliberately sought detachment, who regarded the possibility that he might fall in love with distaste and even horror, and who invented that extraordinarily penetrating formula "Life is a tragedy to those who feel and a comedy to those who think" was hardly asking to be recognized as of heroic mold. But Mr. Ketton-Cremer clears him —he has been cleared before—of the charge of any shadow of responsibility for the death of Chatterton, who may have been a "marvelous boy" but who was also a swindler with a very far from endearing personality. He also clearly reveals Horace as a man who, despite his failings, was usually more than ordinarily generous, kindly, clever, and amusing.

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tion of material in the hands of Mr. W. S. Lewis, one of the editors of the new edition of the letters now in course of publication, he claims no considerable number of important new facts and lays no great stress on revolutionary interpretations. His book, however, is a good deal more than merely entertaining and informative because it is unmistakably the result of a fresh examination of sources by a man who is plainly at home in the eighteenth century and who is writing at familiar first hand even when describing events which have been described before. Even more a portrait than a narrative of events, it is remarkably clear, fresh, and entertaining. Incidentally, and though he does not overwork the theory, Mr. Ketton-Cremer develops at some length and very convincingly a suggestion which has previously been made, namely, that many of Horace's peculiarities are related to the fact that Horace was, as Mr. W. S. Lewis has just recently put it, a mother's boy. It is at least a curious fact that his only serious dramatic work, "The Mysterious Mother," should be a strangely and uncharacteristically intense tragedy on the Oedipus theme, in which the son is, like Oedipus himself, ignorant of the nature of his guilt while the mother is fully aware that her lover is also her son.

Sir Robert Walpole had left Horace exceedingly well provided for, chiefly by means of sinecures which the latter held for life and the holding of which he defended, despite his doubtless somewhat dilettante anti-monarchical principles, on the ground that they were as legitimate as any other base for artificially maintained inequalities. It is, however, worth remembering that even a highly privileged gentleman in that Utopia of privilege, the eighteenth century, did not feel or have any right to feel the "security" which some seem to think was possible in all ages except ours. In 1745 when the threat of the Young Pretender was reaching its height, Horace wrote playfully, but also in earnest, to his friend George Montague:

> Now comes the Pretender's boy, and promises all my comfortable apartments in the Exchequer and Custom House to some forlorn Irish peer who chooses to remove his pride and poverty out of some large unfurnished gallery at St. Germain's. Why really, Mr. Montague, this is not pleasant! I shall wonderfully dislike being a loyal sufferer in a threadbare coat, and shivering in an antechamber at Hanover, or reduced to teach Latin and English to the young princes at Copenhagen.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Fall of France

FRANCE UNDER THE REPUBLIC. By D. W. Brogan. Harper and Brothers. $5.

NO SINGLE event in the second World War, and perhaps in the twentieth century, has shaken us more deeply than the fall of France. For France did fall. Poland was invaded, destroyed, enslaved, but did not fall. The German conquerors could not find a single Pole willing to form a government in submission to Germany. Warsaw is in ruins, but the saga of the defense of Warsaw will be the cornerstone of the resurrection of Poland. Norway and the Netherlands were invaded and captured, but they did not submit; they kept their inner independence, and their governments carry on the fight with the approval of their peoples. The fall of France became clear when the government of France, after having declared its fierce resolution that Paris would be defended to the last man, suddenly fled in panic and irresolution and the capital of Western civilization was delivered to the enemy without one resisting shot. The stones of Paris were saved, but the spirit perished. London may be wiped out, but the morale of the government and of the common people of England will be a monument to the English spirit more eternal than stone or steel could ever be.

Many of us have loved France more than any other country. For two centuries every liberal on the European continent and in Latin America had two fatherlands—his native country and France. We loved the country itself and the melody of its language, but above all we loved the spirit of France. This spirit was contained for us in the heritage of Descartes, in the French passion for clarity, for the enlightenment of reason, for tolerance and moderation, for that humane attitude for which the Romans had the word *humanitas*. France for us was the country of the generous dreams of 1789 and 1848, of the ideal of the equality of all men, of the incessant struggle for justice.

In 1870-71 Paris was besieged twice; it was defeated twice but it did not fall. *Fluctuat nec mergitur.* How did the Third Republic come to so inglorious an end that Frenchmen could proclaim it a crime to have tried to resist the National Socialist flood? For the trials at Riom are not designed to fix responsibility for the collapse of France but to pillory those who dared to believe that France should maintain its position as a great power and preserve its spiritual heritage. Overnight France has accepted the outlook and philosophy of the conqueror, has denied its own past. And mankind has lost one of the few great lights on its difficult and dark road.

How did that come about? Many books are being written about it, but for a real answer one will do well to turn to this book by an English historian, the successor to Ernest Barker in the chair of political science at the University of Cambridge. Strange as it may seem, there has been no satisfactory history of the Third Republic in any language. At its death hour an Englishman who knows France intimately and loves France passionately presents this story. It is a book of more than 700 large pages; it is the work of a scholar; but the general public will read it with unflagging interest. Although it avoids all scholarly paraphernalia, it gives careful attention to every detail, and it is based on the most conscientious research and intimate contact. It is not a history of French civilization for the last seventy years; it is a political history of France, but the term "politics" assumes here its rightful plenitude as the foundation and image of the whole communal life of a society. On his broad canvas, always skilfully integrated, Professor Brogan brings out with great clarity and an understanding which is beyond partisanship and above acrimony the causes for the fall of France, the deep sicknesses and cleavages that operated in the French body politic long before 1940. It becomes clear from reading these 700 pages, covering 70 years, that it is futile to accuse the right or the left.

The hour of France's fall has given us a truly great book in which the Third Republic lives on, with all its mistakes

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and all the pettiness of its citizens, but also with all its heroic greatness, its human promise, its fundamental decency. "Of that Western civilization (of which with all its faults we are inescapably the children) France has been the main sword and the main shield." A tired hand has dropped the sword; a confused mind has sullied the shield. But whatever happens to France in the future, our deep gratitude for the immense gift which France has given to mankind, for being what it has been in past centuries, will remain. HANS KOHN

The Poet as an American

WEST WALKING YANKEE. By Henry Chapin. Howell, Soskin and Company. $2.50.

POEMS AND PORTRAITS. By Christopher LaFarge. Coward-McCann. $1.25.

COLLECTED POEMS OF KENNETH FEARING. Random House. $2.

MR. CHAPIN'S "West Walking Yankee" is a romance of the American pioneer written no more romantically than common sense will permit. His early voyagers are occasionally made to use a speech as high and ponderous as their galleons, but for the most part the narration is as plain and salty as their sailors. In the first section of his book there are, very properly, passages reminiscent of Elizabethan poetry. But before the seventeenth century is out, the tone is lowered, and the style neatly carries the transition to the eighteenth century, when the colonial speech becomes for the first time clearly marked as American. And again it changes after the first settlers have crossed the mountains, corresponding to a change in the character of the Americans, who, the seaboard left behind them, coveted a continent and, setting out across the plains, came, still unsatisfied, to the sight of the Pacific.

All these changes, so conscientiously set down, do not prevent a certain monotony. Mr. Chapin, following his pioneers across the country, has kept, whatever the period, close to the vanguard. And one trapper, one Conestoga wagon, is very like another. The migration which began with the voyages of discovery and ended only when there was no further land to the westward would seem to be of epic proportions. But in spite of Mr. Chapin's poetic rendering the events remain immense and prosaic. "West Walking Yankee" is not an epic. In part this is the poet's fault, for though he has noted the motives that impelled the pioneers westward, he has not dramatized them. But in part, it must be admitted, failure is implicit in the material. It contains too many anti-climaxes. We are, with the pioneers, continually setting out for the Land of Promise, and wherever that may be, as one of Mr. Chapin's characters remarks, it "certainly ain't Pittsburgh." And it is with Pittsburgh that we are left.

It is with the panning of gold in California that Mr. Chapin brings the West Walking Yankee to a stop. His long effort of two hundred years to escape the consequences of pride and greed in others ends in his succumbing, all but natural pride lost, to the consequences of his own greed. Though Mr. Chapin draws a moral from this, he does not point up its irony; he gives us this episode as he has told the rest of the story, with matter-of-fact honesty, but without indignation, without severity.

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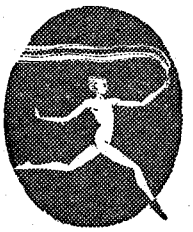

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Mr. LaFarge's "Poems and Portraits" are mostly made up of personal and pastoral loves. His private emotions, though they have had to be recollected in a time without tranquillity, seem to have been tranquil enough. His stream, strictly contained, has known only "petty torrents." It is as an American that he is troubled; it is the rivers of America, no longer at flood, whose subsiding most disturbs him.

> We are the children whose lips have tasted the alkaline, bitter
> Water of stagnant liberty.

He is aware of his country, of its past and its present, and aware, too, that in its future lies his fortune. He is indeed so thoroughly an American that he feels no need to be "tempestuous in his statement of it."

In one of his poems Mr. LaFarge puts together as many of the discordant elements that make his America as he can think of, the silly and the sound, Emily Post and Chief Justice Marshall, the hot dog and the sagebrush, the Texas longhorn and Saint Cecilia's Ball. But though something happens as the result of these juxtapositions, the essential for poetry does not happen. The relation that makes it possible to bring all these people and things together on the page is that they are American. It is true; we accept it because it is true, and that is all there is to it. But Mr. La Farge has none of that unpredictable vision which brings separated things together in a way that continues to move us and disturb us.

It is precisely this "madness of vision" that makes practically everything that Kenneth Fearing writes exciting and gives it that disturbing quality that belongs to poetry. He sees red, and what he sees of the "gray, hungry, envious millions" which since the depression are more than ever a part of America has made him mad in the popular sense of the word. In the other, he is only apparently so.

> These, however, are merely close-ups.
> At a distance these eyes and faces and arms,
> Maimed in the expiation of living, scarred in payment, exacted through knife, hunger, silence, exhaustion, regret,
> Melt into an ordered design, strange and significant, and not without peace.

The madness, we begin to see, is in the movement of the images, in which Mr. Fearing has caught something of the meaningless rapidity with which the modern world impinges on the mind.

Mr. Fearing is a poet who can compete in excitement with the journalists and surpass them in that his words have a speed equal to his impressions. He at times seems too closely in competition with them, so rapidly does he pass from a personal anguish to a cold impersonal dismay. What saves him is that in his approach to what he sees "hatred and pity are exactly mixed." He is a product of the depression and somewhat limited to its mood. In his America is more despair than hope, and even hope is ominous. But it is a country in which, while he disclaims his ability to bring miracles to pass, he knows that miracles still occur; where even that mercenary and corrupt fortune-teller—to whom he gives the last word—facing the clients on whose credulity she preys, must still admit

> That always I feel another hand, not mine, has drawn and turned the card to find some incredible ace.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP

Portrait of Frank Hague

THE BOSS: MACHINE POLITICS IN ACTION. By Dayton David McKean. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

DAYTON McKEAN was elected to the New Jersey Assembly while he was teaching at Princeton. Because he was intelligent, courageous, and a liberal his term at Trenton was short. Before he left the State House, however, he had accumulated some interesting first-hand observations of the Jersey machine in action which he incorporated into a most valuable little book on pressure groups at Trenton. Now he gives us this full-length portrait of Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City, the state's foremost one-man pressure group.

"The Boss" should be in the hands of those new-found champions of democracy who go about the country organizing chauvinist cheering sections for the "American way." It is also to be recommended to New Dealers who have their pictures taken sitting cheek by jowl (very much by jowl) with the Honorable Frank Hague, vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee. It is not safe reading for our youngsters who are currently being taught the democratic beatitudes of the two-party system of government, universal suffrage, freedom of speech, and our ingenious device of checks and balances.

Contemplating the remarkable rise of Frank Hague from hoodlum to His Honor, as faithfully chronicled by Mr. McKean, who can say that the revolting little boy from the tenement in Jersey City's Hook did not follow the "American way"? Here's a political and financial success story tailor-made for our go-getters. Frank Hague was manufacturing *Ja* majorities in Hudson County when Adolf Hitler was a bum in a Vienna flophouse. In his long attachment to his unhappy bailiwick's pay roll the Mayor has never received a salary above $8,000 per annum, yet he lives like the millionaire he is in his penthouse apartment on Hudson Boulevard, his summer home at Deal, or his rented villa at Miami Beach, and he owns everything that any other rich man owns with the exception of a yacht.

Dayton McKean was long enough in Jersey politics to know that viewing Frank Hague with alarm or calling him "the Hudson County Hitler" gets you nowhere except in all probability into Hague's private hoosegow at Secaucus. So Mr. McKean, with a wealth of first-hand data, sets out "to explain how this political leader and his associates came to dominate their community and to describe how their machine operates." Ominously he continues, "What has been done in Jersey City may conceivably be done in any similar American municipality. Frank Hague has no patents on his methods." Whereupon he shows with chapter and verse that Hague's waterfront fascism is by no means incompatible with the run of American party politics.

If I have any quarrel with this racily written story of the humorless illiterate whose shadow falls across one of our most important industrial commonwealths, it is with Mr. McKean's soft handling of Jersey City's so-called "respectable business element." It is the author's contention that "they [the business men] tolerate the machine because they can do nothing else." Mr. McKean is frank enough when he deals with the sinister role the Catholic hierarchy plays in the

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Hague regime. Why be so easy on the industrialists, business men, and financiers of Haguetown, who have never raised a penny to help in organizing a real opposition to the Boss but on the contrary have ganged up with the Monsignors, the phony veterans' organizations, and the multitudinous pay-rollers against the few fearless souls who dared to buck His Honor?

By and large, though, it was a good job to get the whole of Frank Hague between book covers. Nor would I give the impression that all of it is disheartening reading. Toward the very end there is a note of hope. Mr. McKean quotes Hague as saying, "In the Horseshoe I was born and in the Horseshoe I will die." While the author regards it as more probable that Hague will die at Biscayne Bay, Florida, or his estate at Deal, "unless he spends more time in Jersey City than he has done in recent years," he does express belief in Hague's mortality. After a long experience in fighting Frank Hague it begins to look as though only the Grim Reaper can head an effective opposition to the Boss.

MCALISTER COLEMAN

Class and Mass

STATE OF THE MASSES. By Emil Lederer. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

THE RAPE OF THE MASSES. By Serge Chatokin. Alliance Book Corporation. $3.

PROFESSOR LEDERER'S posthumously published analysis of the "mass state" is something of a recantation of his Marxist faith. Though Dr. Lederer, who was the dean of the faculty of the "University in Exile," was never a proponent of dictatorship and always belonged to the democratic and liberal wing of Socialist thought, he feels compelled in this book to disavow his previous faith in a "classless society." He is driven to this recantation by his observation of the nature and the fruits of the fascist state. The significance of fascism for him lies in the fact that "for the first time in history mankind must witness not the domination but the destruction of society, the pulverization of all groups, the melting together of all various layers of society into crowds, the transformation of these crowds into one social institution dominated by doctrines intended to guarantee an eternal state in which nothing can change."

The traditional and historical classes of society have rightly affronted our sense of justice, he argues, by the disproportion of their privileges. But we have failed to recognize, until fascism destroyed them, to what degree they were means of integrating society by their disciplines, ideas, and interests; and how far such justice as we have was achieved by the tension and balance of power between these groups. What fascism does is to destroy every subordinate grouping in society; so that the national community is reduced to a "mass" or "crowd" which can become articulate only through a tyrannical leader and which can find unity only in terms of the most primitive emotions. In elaborating this analysis of the character of the "masses" Lederer is obviously indebted to Le Bon's well-known study.

But what has all this to do with Marxism? The answer is that the Marxist hope of a classless society must be seri-

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ously called into question by this development, particularly when contemporary communism tends to postpone its final Utopia into an indefinite future and to borrow the aura of this Utopia for its supposedly temporary but remarkably tenacious "dictatorship of the proletariat." "As the dictatorship of the proletariat is not meant as a transitional stage to cope with an emergency, it must in our times transform the population into masses and create a mass-state just as fascist dictatorships do," declares Dr. Lederer. The similarity between Communist and fascist dictatorships is now apparent to all but the robust devotees of the true faith. Nevertheless, the author illumines this similarity from the standpoint of his particular thesis very strikingly.

There are profound insights in this social study, but it raises more questions than it answers and answers some of the questions which it raises very inadequately. Dr. Lederer's conclusions drive him to a reaffirmation of an evolutionary Socialist faith: "Does this mean that we must abandon the idea of an economic democracy? Certainly not. But it means that we must win these goals only through a process of evolution or social transformation, of changes and compromises." Very well; but how are we to get out of the hell which these tyrannical integrations of disintegrated masses have created in modern history? We can't simply start all over again as if this were 1900 instead of 1940. One reason Dr. Lederer does not face that issue is because he assumes that fascist terror and propaganda reduced modern society to this amorphous mass and does not realize to what degree fascism merely accentuated and used a process of disintegration which must be attributed to the mechanical rather than organic means of cohesion in an urban and technical society. The fascists have proved themselves capable of corrupting a whole nation, once they achieve power. But their own power has grown out of a previously existent corruption, revealed particularly in middle-class life.

The author's hope of starting anew on the road to justice by allowing the various classes to make their claims and counter-claims hardly takes account of the fact that the present crisis in Western civilization is at least partly due to such serious disproportions in the economic power of the various classes that the equipoise of social forces envisaged by liberal economic and social theory has been destroyed. Nor is it realistic to regard the economic classes as the primary forces of social cohesion within a national community. One might abolish hereditary social privileges and still allow all kinds of social, cultural, religious, functional, and traditional groups to perform their task of coordinating life and preventing it from falling into the abyss of the atomized "mass." In a modified sense, a "classless" society would seem less incompatible with an organically integrated society than the author assumes, though obviously a dictatorship is incompatible with it.

Serge Chatokin's analysis of the same problem of the relation of fascism to the man in the mass offers striking, though unwitting, corroboration of Lederer's thesis of the similarity of fascist and Communist social practice. After describing the effects of fascist propaganda upon the masses, he comes to the conclusion that its ability to reduce everything to the lowest common denominator is both desirable and necessary.

Chatokin, who seeks to derive a social psychology from Pavlov's individual psychology, is convinced that human action "is nothing but a consequence of biological processes." The intellectual level of his theories may be gauged by his conclusions about the relation of "abstract interests" to what he defines as the primary instincts of "struggle, nutrition, sexuality, and maturity." His conclusions are (1) that "the social idea or the Socialist doctrine . . . derives from the depths of instinct no. 1" (struggle); (2) that "philosophy . . . is an excrescence of psychical phenomena, physiologically connected with the function of nutrition"; (3) that "as regards the third, the sexual instinct, no one will deny that art may be interpreted as a sublimation of the feeling of love"; and (4) that there is "nothing astonishing in the logical emergence of the maternal instinct into science." This fourth corollary is established by a tortuous logic which borders on the ludicrous.

It may be added that Chatokin's book is commended by an extravagant tribute from H. G. Wells, which rather proves previously held suspicions that this old man is in his dotage.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Presidents and Parallels

THE PRESIDENT MAKERS: THE CULTURE OF POLITICS AND LEADERSHIP IN AN AGE OF ENLIGHTENMENT, 1896-1919. By Matthew Josephson. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

THE third of Matthew Josephson's colorful studies in American sociological history has in fact comparatively little to do with President makers and a great deal to do with three Presidents—Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson directly and at great length, Franklin D. Roosevelt subtly, inferentially, and with only one mention of his name. That one mention, moreover, occurs in the Foreword. I suspect nevertheless that Franklin D. Roosevelt will be very much in the minds of those who read "The President Makers," and that Mr. Josephson would not have it otherwise.

Josephson's study of Theodore Roosevelt is spirited and much the best part of his book. Although the author nowhere makes the direct comparison, it is a brilliant portrait of a pre-fascist. American finance capital in T. R.'s early days had for the first time come up against mass unrest which could not be channeled into geographical expansion. The first contact was a shock. T. R. himself was horrified at the Chicago railway strike of 1894, which he feared threatened a duplication of "what had occurred during the Paris Communes." "I know the Populists and the laboring men well and their faults," he wrote to a friend; "I like to see a mob handled by the regulars, or by good State Guards, not overscrupulous about bloodshed." It was against this kind of background that Brooks Adams preached to a coterie of young aristocrats, including Roosevelt, that sooner or later our commercial civilization would be unequal to the complex social problems it would create and would give way to revolution—all through the weakness of the ruling class. The answer was to strengthen that class by elevating it from its crass materialism through nationalism and the "soldierly virtues." Along with this savage animosity against organized

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labor ran a contempt for the bungling industrial overlords. "The business man dealing with a large political question," said Henry Cabot Lodge (Wendell Willkie please note), "is really a painful sight." A glorification of war and race topped off the ideological pattern. Thus Albert Beveridge: "We are a conquering race. . . . We must obey our blood and occupy new markets and if necessary new lands." And T. R. himself: "No triumph of peace is quite so great as the supreme triumph of war."

Diluted by the responsibility of office, and still further by the grossest opportunism, this attitude was never far from T. R.'s mind, and his whole conception of the Presidency was that of an aristocratic arbiter appointed to prevent the rich from exploiting the poor and the poor from plundering the rich.

Compared with this approach the New Freedom of Woodrow Wilson was the essence of economic sophistication. Roosevelt's philosophy of government was a mixture of middle-class morality and violence, calling for a highly centralized government by the "élite." Wilson's was a neo-Jeffersonian attempt to break up bigness and extend the frontiers of political democracy. Mr. Josephson, it seems to me, blurs these differences in a systematic effort to show the futility of capitalistic reform and the inevitability with which such attempts issue in foreign adventuring.

Thus, according to Mr. Josephson, it was when Teddy Roosevelt's bag of domestic tricks thinned out that he took to excursions into world affairs, such as arbitration of the Russo-Japanese War. Similarly, he argues, Wilson's New Freedom was not stopped by the war; it had already stopped.

> [Wilson] was then in the position of a man who wields great power, yet feels convinced that his mission has nearly been completed, or has reached its natural limits. . . . Such a moment is dangerous. A great part of the work appears to be done, yet the leader is convinced that he must continue to lead if only because he thinks now of his place in history.

The parallel with Franklin D. Roosevelt might normally occur to the reader at this point, but the author leaves little to chance. Repeatedly he emphasizes aspects of the Wilsonian era, some rather obscure, which call to mind present-day accusations: Wilson's habitual resort to "noble" phrases in order to conceal ignoble aims, the bungling attempts at mediating the European quarrel, the visit of House (paralleling that of Welles?) to sound out possible peace terms, the extent to which the press indulged in German "atrocity" stories, the arguments that if Germany won the World War we would have to become a military nation and that South America would be endangered by a German victory.

No one can gainsay Mr. Josephson's right to view America's entrance into the World War at least partially in these terms, letting interpretations fall where they may. But some light on where Mr. Josephson would like them to fall is shed by a strange foreword which renders his analysis a shade too pat for comfort:

> Historical parallels may be vastly instructive, though they must be used with caution. For example, early in the second term of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, toward 1938, the movement of progress showed signs of reaching its natural limits, halting before apparently insurmountable obstacles, in a manner nearly identical with the stoppage of President Wilson's New Freedom program.

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> . . . Once more, by a historical "coincidence" in the midst of domestic crisis, unfinished and unsolved, we turn as a nation to confront the world's wars, the dangers and the opportunities they offer. (At such times, there are always wars on hand.) . . . The clock can be turned back, the large social gains abandoned, as decaying monuments to forgotten victories of peace time.

The point can be argued: Were the achievements of the New Freedom "abandoned" or "forgotten," or did they, as Mr. Josephson himself admits, later flower into the New Deal, just as the New Freedom itself drew on T. R.'s Square Deal? Is there "always a war on hand" just for the convenience of hamstrung reformers? Is exactly one precedent ground even for a hypothesis? Present problems should be threshed out on their merits, and I found myself wishing that Mr. Josephson had not marred a lively and well-documented piece of history by slyly pushing his readers toward a conclusion which is certainly not proved. ROBERT BENDINER

Necktie Party

THE OX-BOW INCIDENT. By Walter Van Tilburg Clark. Random House. $2.

WHEN Gil and Croft ride into Bridger's Wells after the spring round-up to learn that (a) Gil's girl has left town for good, (b) unidentified rustlers have driven off six hundred head of cattle and killed a ranch foreman named Kincaid, and (c) Gil and Croft themselves, as comparative strangers, are not above suspicion, it sounds just like the beginning of any two-gun Western with tough hombres and uneasy trigger fingers. But easy thar, stranger—no sooner have the punchers lined up for a good old-time shooting-bee than the plot turns a startlingly unconventional corner: the book's dominant conflict, which is fought more with words than with Winchesters, grows out of the almost fanatical efforts of Arthur Davies, an elderly merchant, to avert mob violence and preserve the spirit, or failing that at least the forms, of law and order in the pursuit of the rustlers. Unable to hold the mob after it has been illegally deputized by a deputy sheriff, he rides along, in the forlorn hope of insuring a fair trial for anyone who may be captured; but when the improvised posse overtakes three men with some apparently stolen cattle, the overwhelming weight of circumstantial evidence swamps Davies's pleas. There is a perfunctory trial, the gruesome business of lynching is done, and on the way back the sobered and badly shaken avengers meet a party headed by the sheriff and including Kincaid, who was supposed to have been killed, and Drew, a cattleman, who corroborates the victims' story of having purchased the cattle.

The book is noteworthy for its restraint, its deliberately subdued sense of drama, which, like much of his style, Mr. Clark obviously owes to Hemingway. A "Western" in which the people are real people and not just appendages to shooting-irons, "The Ox-Bow Incident" is an adventure story without a hero, a genuine psychological study in a horse-opera setting, with significant overtones drawn from the complex ethics of human justice.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

Realism on the Far East

OUR FUTURE IN ASIA. By Robert Aura Smith. The Viking Press. $3.

THIS is an amazing book. Issued a few days after the German-Italian-Japanese alliance had challenged our fundamental interests in East Asia and thereby brought that area within the zone of our national defense, it has all the freshness of this morning's newspaper. Yet it is no slapdash, journalistic job, rushed through the press to meet an emergency situation. It is an extraordinarily careful and thoughtful survey of America's place in the Far East. It is the first book to deal in any adequate sense with the entire East Asian area from the Dutch East Indies to Japan. Much of its content is, it is true, elementary. A whole chapter is given over, for instance, to the economic geography of the South China Sea area. This contains little that cannot be found in a good school geography, yet it is just what the average person wants and needs to know about the region.

No one can come away from reading this remarkable book without a fairly clear understanding of the importance of Southeastern Asia for the United States. As it points out, we buy more from three colonies in the South China Sea region than from the whole of South America. Our trade with the Philippines alone outranks our trade with Brazil, Argentina, or any other South American country. We depend on the South Seas for such strategic raw materials as rubber, tin, coffee, tea, and vegetable oils, which are not available in adequate quantity in any other part of the world. Of the eighteen raw materials essential to our national defense which are not to be found in sufficient quantity in the United States, ten are major products of the South China Sea area.

There are those who will charge Mr. Smith with being imperialistic because of his constant stress upon the importance of American interests in Asia. Certainly no one has argued the case for defending these interests more powerfully than he has in this book. Yet he is deeply conscious of the interests of others as well. And he is undeniably correct in pointing out that the future of the Filipinos and the Chinese will be best served, under present conditions, if the United States adopts a strong policy in defense of its own interests. Such a policy would require first of all that we immediately stop all economic aid to the Japanese war machine. Mr. Smith complains of the hollowness of our present so-called embargo and pleads for a more drastic measure. He is under no illusion that such a step will check the mad drive of the Japanese militarists, but neither does he minimize its effect. The next thing to do, he declares, is to clarify the Philippine situation by making it quite definite that outright political and military independence is impossible in the near future. Then, after strengthening our naval and aerial defenses in the Far East, we should be in a position to render really effective aid to the Chinese, who have been fighting America's battle just as Britain has been fighting it on the other side of the world.

This program may be subjected to violent attack in some quarters, but even those who are most opposed to it should be grateful to Mr. Smith for his forceful, realistic presentation of the basic issues of Far Eastern policy.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

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DRAMA

The Fool Made Perfect

ACCORDING to John Dryden your really outstanding nitwits are those who "help nature's work, and go to school, To file and finish God A'mighty's fool." He can, of course, hardly have been thinking of Ed Wynn even though Mr. Wynn has been puttering hopelessly about stages longer than I can remember, but he would have thought about him if Ed Wynn had been there to be thought about, and it all just goes to show that the classics, being eternally apropos, ought to be the foundation of all education. No doubt God A'mighty gave Mr. Wynn his long foolish face, but to Mr. Wynn himself must be assigned the credit for having learned how to live up to it.

While thousands of people with no aptitude for the tasks they were setting themselves struggled hopelessly through the years trying to acquire grace and poise and competence, Mr. Wynn was divesting himself of these qualities. While they were reading the "How to" books, he was making himself master of the art of How not to. While they were failing to learn coherence in public speaking or the most effective way of telling an anecdote, he was perfecting the skill with which he gets hopelessly entangled in his own efforts at exposition or tells a story the intended point of which grows steadily more obscure until, by what appears to be a glorious inadvertence, a disconcerting point, apparently as far from the speaker's intention as it was from the hearer's expectation, suddenly emerges. The result of all this is, of course, that in a world full of people continuing to make after-dinner speeches, play the piano, and speak French just as badly as their friends expected they would Mr. Wynn has at last actually become what he began some years ago to proclaim himself—the Perfect Fool.

There are, I suppose, persons who do not think that he is funny. Abstractly I am willing to agree that since taste is unpredictable and no virtue or vice necessarily implies any other, such persons may love their mothers and be loyal citizens, but this concession is purely one of theory. In practice I would not trust either the taste or the character of anyone who did not agree with me that Mr. Wynn's new show, "Boys and Girls Together" (Broadhurst Theater) is the best that he ever appeared in and as delightful an evening of sheer fun as it is possible to imagine. It is not—God forbid—that he has developed any new style or method: he is the same amiably incompetent master of ceremonies, pathetically eager to establish a rapport with his audience and only vaguely aware that he is not making his point or achieving the results intended, the same incurably hopeful enthusiast miraculously muddling through and eternally surprised both at the difficulties in which he gets involved and at the lucky chances that enable him to get out of them. His duck-hunting expedition is, if possible, a little goofier than anything he ever previously imagined, and there are stories he has to tell quite as involved and surprising as the saga he composed many years ago concerning the parrot which laid square eggs.

That particular tale is not any better—and this is high praise indeed—than the one in the present production of a young married couple who go to live with their parents who were still living with *their* parents. Nor, to discuss a somewhat different genre, is his current account of the previous experience of the members of his company or his also current story of the deaf young lady who could not hear her swain's proposal of marriage until he produced a diamond ring (she was not stone deaf) one whit less absorbing than the one he used to tell about the hard-hearted farmer father of the little bootblack who continues making hay while the son shines. This particular sort of tale, which seems to be Mr. Wynn's own invention, I can describe only by saying that it is a sort of verbal equivalent of those complicated mechanical devices which Goldberg draws and Joe Cook used to realize physically on the stage. A tremendously elaborate machinery is set in motion; it lumbers with fantastic inefficiency toward its ostensible end; and then suddenly it collapses because its creator has perpetrated sabotage by carelessly dropping a fearfully elaborate but unintended pun into the works. Only Mr. Wynn could imagine anything as far-fetched as the tale that his company was recruited exclusively from show-boats, and imagine it in order to arrive ultimately at an unexpected remark about the cast being bred upon the waters.

He is also the only star comedian I know who does not seem to be either too much or too little on the stage. He

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has not failed to provide a company including half a dozen excellent and well-known performers, and he gives them ample opportunity to exhibit their talents, but he himself is almost always present watching them with sympathetic interest or, occasionally, getting himself hopelessly involved in an effort to be helpful—as he does in one of the most excruciating scenes of all, wherein his unwelcome presence somewhere in the midst of the tangle devised by two athletic contortionists is agonizingly funny. Probably "Boys and Girls Together" will be very popular indeed, but in my opinion it is worth even a ticket scalper's prices.

Joseph Daltry's "Lyric Opera Company," which is presenting a repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan opera at the Forty-fourth Street Theater, got a pretty consistently chilly reception from the press. It is composed of a pleasantly youthful group which sings very agreeably, but it is a bit amateurish so far as the acting and the staging are concerned.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

AT THE head of Victor's October list I would place Volume 7 of the Haydn Quartet Society (Set 689, $7.50). Opus 74 No. 1 is enjoyable; Opus 50 No. 6 has a fine first movement and a marvelous slow movement; but Opus 64 No. 3 is one of those works in which Haydn's high spirits raise his inexhaustible invention, his humor, his audacity to sheer incandescence. The early Opus 3 No. 4, which has some charming passages, provides an occasion for the unprofitably perverse and quarrelsome Cecil Gray—whose booklet for the set Victor has reprinted—to pick a fight with Tovey about its form; and since Tovey listened to the work to hear what was in it but Gray listened to discover anything at all that he might throw at Tovey, Tovey came away with a more accurate idea of the form than Gray. The performances of the Pro Arte Quartet are fair.

Ernest Bloch's Hebrew Rhapsody, "Schelomo," for 'cello and orchestra, which offers highly impressive pages and somewhat unconcentrated structure, comes to us in the performance by Feuermann and the Philadelphia Orchestra under Stokowski (Set 698, $3), with Stokowskian tonal magnificence, a Stokowskian tautness that counteracts the looseness of structure, and playing by Feuermann that is characteristic in its beauty of sound and phrasing and finish, as well as its lack of the sharpness and bite which some portions of the work need. I am still hoping for a recording of Bloch's "Voice in the Wilderness," which impressed me as his finest work a few years ago; and what I hope for is a recording made by an orchestra and 'cellist under Bloch's own direction.

Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, which is not the minor masterpiece that his "Italian" is, but which is a fine minor work, gets a first-rate performance by the Rochester Philharmonic under Iturbi (Set 699, $4.50). The performance seems well recorded, though it is hard to be sure with all the chatter from the surfaces of my review set.

I recall what the exquisite taste and grace of Schnabel's performance accomplished with another minor work—Weber's Piano Sonata in A flat; and the loveliness of certain pages is to be heard also in Cortot's recorded performance (Set 703, $3.50), though in the lesser degree achieved by his more crudely "romantic" style, with its exaggerated nuances of pace and tone. Another piano record offers excellent performances by George Copeland of two short pieces—Turina's Fandango Opus 79 No. 5, and Villa-Lobos's Saudades das Selvas Brasileiras No. 2—that are inconsequential.

Helen Traubel's voice, as revealed on her record of "Dich, teure Halle" from "Tannhäuser" and "Divinités du Styx" from "Alceste" (17268, $1), has youthful freshness and power, but also a strong tremolo which indicates defective production and leads me to fear that after a few years of singing Wagner the voice will sound like Marjorie Lawrence's on her record of Richard Strauss's songs "Lied an meinen Sohn" and "Des Dichter's Abendgang" (17230, $1)—that is, with the youthful freshness gone and the power and tremolo left. The Strauss songs themselves I do not find interesting. Hulda Lashanska's singing of Schubert, Brahms, Strauss, and Wolf (Set 612, $3.50), which I did not hear until now, is completely undistinguished; but Maria Kurenko's singing of some fine songs by Tschaikovsky, in her recent album (678, $4), is excellent.

Not everything that Irving Kolodin has assembled in "The Critical Composer" (Howell, Soskin, $2) is worth the trouble; but there are interesting extracts from the writings of Berlioz, Wagner, Tchaikovsky, Wolf, and Debussy. And children who are enjoying Prokofiev's "Peter and the Wolf" may like the little book with the text, the themes, and pictures by Warren Chappell (Knopf, $2).

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Shall Fascism or Democracy Change the Rules?

Dear Sirs: After reading Charles E. Noyes's article Nazi Challenge to Democracy in *The Nation* for September 14, I am unable to make out what Mr. Noyes thinks is wrong with "conventional" capitalism other than that it works very badly. Such phrases as "eliminating scarcity value" and "operating in an economy of abundance" merely beg the question; and it appears that profits, ownership of the means of production, and the class struggle are all ruled out. Since I don't know what he thinks is wrong, I am equally in the dark about what he thinks fascism has done or democracy might do to effect a cure.

According to my view of these problems, the basic weakness of capitalism, considered purely in its economic aspect, is the extreme inequality of income, which results in relatively restricted consumption by the masses and a relatively large volume of saving by the wealthy. Only under favorable conditions with respect to demographic, territorial, and technological expansion is it possible for the savings of the wealthy to find outlet in income-creating investment. When such conditions are lacking, as they have been for the last ten years and give every indication of being in the visible future, either chronic stagnation of economic activity sets in or the rules of the game have to be changed.

Changes in the rules may take the form of collective action designed to effect a drastic redistribution of income. But unfortunately for this method, the pattern of income distribution is based squarely on the private ownership of the means of production, the very essence of capitalism, which it is the sacred duty of constitutions, laws, officials, and solid citizens alike to protect. A substantial redistribution of income under capitalism has never been attempted and does not appear likely.

Alternatively, changes in the rules may take the form of collective action designed to find outlets for the savings of the wealthy while leaving the private ownership of the means of production undisturbed. Warlike activities offer the best available outlet: first, because they absorb huge quantities of savings directly; second, because if they are successful they open up new fields for investment at the expense of the vanquished; and, third, because they increase the internal power of the ruling class and weaken the resistance of the dispossessed.

Germany, under the Nazis, has adopted the second method of curing the economic weakness of capitalism. That there has been an almost complete fusion of economic and political power at the top should not be allowed to obscure the true meaning of German fascism. No important change has been wrought in the ownership of the means of production, in the distribution of income based thereon, or in the basic class structure of society. The future of Nazism depends, of course, on military success or failure. If Nazi ambitions—which, in the nature of the case, know no limits short of world domination—are realized, the system can be stabilized on the basis of universal tribute to the conquerors. This will no doubt involve an increase in living standards for all Germans, a development which would both accord with the imperatives of Nazi race theory and act as an effective guaranty against revolution at home. But for the rest of the world it will mean unrelenting oppression and exploitation.

The dilemma of the United States is this: that the menace of Nazi imperialism may force us to take the same road that the Nazis themselves have traveled. Our armament program has just begun; as it expands there will be an end to economic stagnation just as there was in Germany. Our own ruling class will, if it can, seize the opportunity to impose upon us a regime indistinguishable in principle from that which has been imposed upon the German people. And then, if the Nazis are so far successful, will come the great struggle to decide whether the world shall be ruled by German or American exploiters.

The question for true democrats is not, as Mr. Noyes seems to believe, whether "democracy" can match the economic efficiency of Nazi Germany. Given a comparable expansion of war industries there need be no fear on that score. The real question is whether democracy itself can survive the effort to resist Nazi expansion. If it can, it will be only because there is still time for the people to gain secure control over the whole defense program and to organize a successful resistance to fascism both at home and abroad. If that is done, it may be confidently predicted that in the future the way to economic progress will lie along the road of redistributing income and increasing the consumption of the dispossessed and underprivileged. PAUL M. SWEEZY

Cambridge, Mass., October 4

A New Reformation

Dear Sirs: I write to thank *The Nation* for printing Charles E. Noyes's Nazi Challenge to Democracy. It is a relief to read a quiet discussion of what may be ahead in Germany, where private capital may permanently give way to state control.

The Nazis challenge the democracy of private capital, but let us also think of democracy as the right of each individual to a proper share in the wealth of the community, to adequate food, shelter, health, education, culture. Looking at the Soviet Union we find that the ability to plan for the country as a whole has brought astonishing success. If we remember czarist Russia and then look at the same territory today we find the emancipation of women and of races, educational and cultural accomplishment, free medical aid to all, and an increase in wealth and comfort so enormous that it can only be accounted for by the establishment of a new economic system.

Nothing approximating these improvements can come out of Germany under its present government because it starts out by declaring that its benefits shall only go to the Aryan and to the man before the woman. But even then this limited group of workers must benefit from the greater efficiency of production that comes with government control of wealth.

We of the middle class do not sufficiently recognize, or at any rate acknowledge, that we have failed. Since the Reformation we have had the upper hand on this earth, and present-day conditions have been brought about by us. Perhaps another Reformation is at hand, and the proletarian is now the protestant. He may seize our land and hurl

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our saints from their niches. And we shall fight back, for men fight for their own interests and their own gods.

But some of us know that we deserve to be beaten. The poor will not inherit the earth under our leadership. Let us then step aside, perhaps be kicked aside, and see what others can do. Certainly let us not rail against the younger generation as Waldo Frank did in *The Nation*. We made the world for them; they may make a more humane one.

MARY WHITE OVINGTON

Alford, Mass., October 2

Misplaced Alarm

Dear Sirs: The editorial report in your September 28 issue on the New York State C. I. O. convention carries in it implications which impel me to view with alarm. Three things about it bother me: your attempt to balance "right-wing" and "left-wing" blame evenly, with an "on the one hand, on the other" motif; the statement that "there is no way of getting at the truth"; and finally, a definite acceptance of the third-term issue as the touchstone of judgment.

I realize the grave dangers involved in blame-placing. Nevertheless, the liberal press must brave these perils to be of service to all labor. I should like to suggest the following points, based on information obtained from all available sources:

For days before the Rochester convention the press gave heavy play to statements by Louis Hollander, Amalgamated vice-president, that his union was going to Rochester committed to a last-ditch fight on Communists. He also emphasized the pending third-term resolution, indicating a clear resolve to brand in advance all opposition as Communist. Thus, it seems to me, the split was created by loose talk and looser unionism before the convention ever got going. You "note the compelling external evidence, that the left-wingers could have avoided the split." The evidence, on the contrary, points to a definite pre-convention barrage designed to make the split unavoidable.

You neglected to go to the heart of the controversy over the seating of delegates. The credentials committee, weighted on the "right-wing" side, denied seats to ninety-one delegates because, the report said, they represented "paper unions." This subterfuge, ridiculous on its face, convinced the unseated unions that the situation could not be compromised.

Your greatest mistake, I believe, is overemphasis of the third-term issue. Certainly you wouldn't contend that all unionists opposed to Roosevelt are Communists, yet you tread dangerously close to it. The danger lies in pressing the third-term issue falsely, just as resolutions about Russia have been utilized to split unions where no "red peril" existed. Some people just don't like resolutions, you know.

Labor's big job is to guard itself against all attempts to break its strength. I think the Hollander-Hillman faction deserves blame, and that you should have said so.

FRITZ SILBER

New York, October 1

[(1) Mr. Silber has misread our editorial comment if he thinks we tried to "balance 'right-wing' and 'left-wing' blame evenly." Our conclusion was that "the left-wingers could have avoided the split." (2) The left wing itself introduced a pro-third-term resolution a year and a half ago and has been responsible for countless resolutions on political and foreign affairs, certainly without the objection of those who now coyly hint that they "don't like resolutions." Do they think that advance notice gives a minority the right to withdraw rather than take a beating on the floor? Or would they have liked it better if Mr. Hollander had kept silent before the convention and sprung the resolution without warning? (3) The provisional report of the credentials committee barred some delegates on the ground that they represented defunct, or "paper," unions, but Mr. Silber neglects to say that in the overwhelming number of cases, including that of the American Newspaper Guild, "paper unionism" was not the issue; the delegates were *temporarily* barred because the committee had good reason to investigate their credentials, though it finally seated all ninety-one. (4) We don't know where Mr. Silber gets the fantastic and irrelevant notion that we "tread dangerously" close to contending that all anti-Roosevelt trade unionists are Communists. (5) If Mr. Silber believes that the main issue at Rochester was not the reelection of Roosevelt he not only flies in the face of all the evidence but disagrees with the bolting Guild delegates whom he defends. In his report to the New York Guild their chairman devoted more than half his attention to a blistering attack on the President. (6) We agree with what Mr. Silber says about labor's need to guard itself "against all attempts to break its strength." The least effective way to guard against disunity, it seems to us, is to bolt a convention when you find yourself in a minority.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Faith Above Conscription

Dear Sirs: Universal military service did not save France from the most disastrous defeat in its history. Nor will it save from defeat any democracy in which a people has lost faith. To a democracy whose house is in order universal military service may be a means of defense. To a democracy whose affairs are in confusion it may prove the best means of attacking it.

To restore faith in our democracy by putting our house in a democratic, not a fascist, order is the first indispensable step to defense. Neglect of this may mean a formidable defense for a United States that is no longer a democracy.

FRANK D. SLOCUM

New York, October 1

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FREDA UTLEY was in the Chinese war zone in 1938 as correspondent for the London *News Chronicle*. She is the author of "China at War."

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